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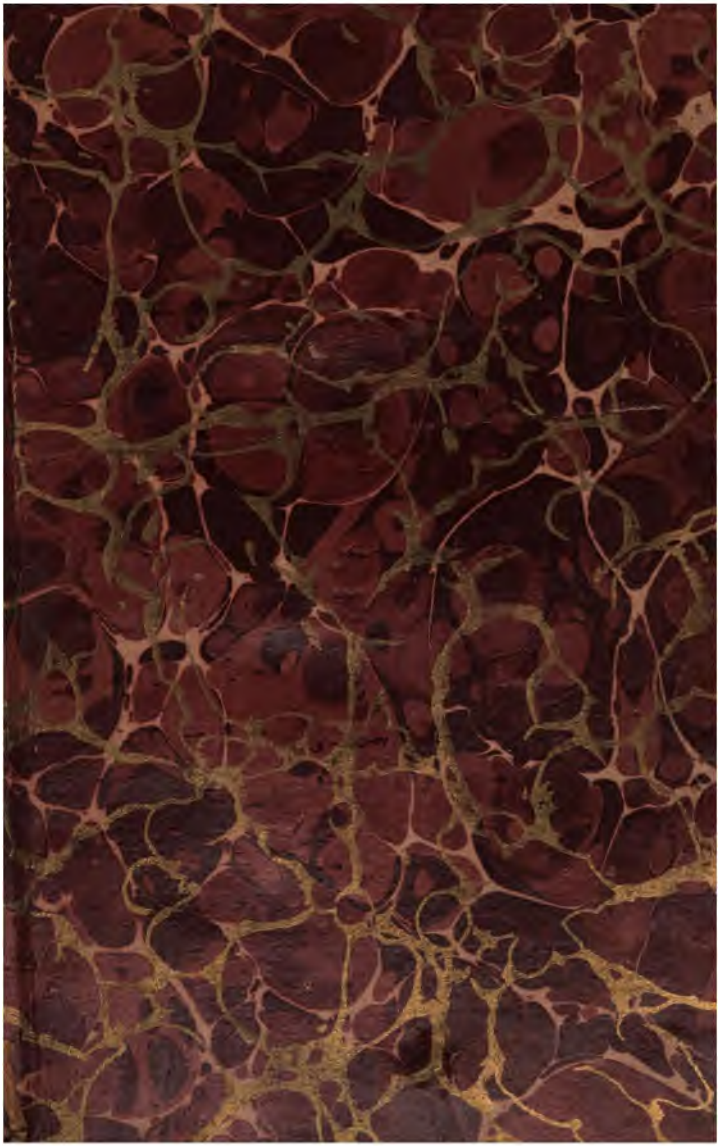

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English Reprints.

WILLIAM HABINGTON.

Castara.

THE THIRD EDITION OF 1640; EDITED AND COLLATED WITH THE EARLIER ONES OF 1634, 1635.

BY

EDWARD ARBER,

Associate, King's College, London, F.R.G.S., &c.

LONDON:

5 QUEEN SQUARE, BLOOMSBURY, W.C.

Ent. Stat. Hall.] 14 April 1870. [*All Rights reserved.*

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INTRODUCTION.

THE old English family of HABINGDON, ABINGDON, HABINGTON, or ABINGTON traced their pedigree beyond the reign of Henry III., to PHILIP DE HABINGTON, of Abingdon, co. Cambridge: but that branch of the family from which our Poet sprang, descended from RICHARD HABINGTON, of Brokhampton, whose *third* son JOHN was coifferer to Queen Elizabeth. This JOHN HABINGTON, our Poet's grandfather, bought Hindlip Hall, an estate beautifully situated about four miles from Worcester. He married twice. By his second wife he had two sons, THOMAS; and EDWARD, who was executed for Babington's plot in 1586.

Anthony-a-Wood gives this account of THOMAS HABINGTON. He 'was born at Thorpe near to Chertsey in Surrey, on the 23 Aug. 1560, (at which time and before the manor thereof belonged to his father) and at about 16 years of age he became a commoner of Lincoln Coll. Where spending about three years in academicall studies, was taken thence by his father and sent to the universities of Paris and Rheimes in France. After some time spent there in good letters, he return'd into England, and expressing and shewing himself an adherent to Mary qu. of Scots (who plotted with Anth. Babington against qu. Elizabeth) was committed prisoner to the Tower of London, where continuing six years, he profited more in that time in several sorts of learning, then he had before in all his life. Afterwards he retired to Hendlip (the manor of which his father had setled upon him) took to wife Mary the eldest daughter of Edward lord Morley by Elizabeth his wife, daughter and sole heir of Sir William Stanley knight, lord Mounteagle; and at riper years survey'd Worcestershire, made a collection of most of its antiquities from records, registers, evidences both private and public, monumental inscriptions and arms. . . . . At length, after he had lived to the age of 87 years, surrendred up his pious soul to God at Hendlip near Worcester on the 8th October 1647, and was buried by his father in a vault under the chancel of the church there.' *Ath. Oxon. iii.* 222. *Ed.* 1817.

Hindlip Hall was full of lurking places. T. NASH in his *Hist. of Worc. i.* 585-7, gives a transcript of *Ashmole's MSS. Vol.* 804, *fol.* 93. at Oxford: which is a most graphic description of a search, *for eleven nights and twelve days*, in Jan. 1605, through the house: wherein Garnett the Jesuit and others were discovered, who were afterwards executed.

2. THOMAS HABINGTON = MARY PARKER, d. of Lord MORLEY.
b. 1560—d. 1647. æt. 87. [Mary Habington is said to have written the letter revealing the Gunpowder Plot.]

- WILLIAM = LUCY HERBERT. d. Lord POWIS. — b. 1605–d. 1654.
- MARY = W. COMPTON.
- and other children.

- THOMAS. d. unmarried. He left Hindlip estate to Sir W. Compton, Bart.
- CATHERINE = Osborne.
- W. Compton. d. 1731, made a Bart. 6 May 1686.

- Lucy.
- Eleanor.

3. Wood's account of our Poet is perhaps the most authentic. "WILLIAM HABINGTON, was born at Hendlip, on the fourth [So have I been instructed by letters from his son Tho. Habington esq.: dated 5 Jan. 1672.] (some say the fifth) day of November 1605, educated in S. Omers and Paris; in the first of which he was earnestly invited to take upon him the habit of the Jesuits, but by excuses got free and left them. After his return from Paris, being then at man's estate, he was instructed at home in matters of history by his father, and became an accomplished gentleman. . . . . This person, Will.

Habington, who did then run with the times, and was not unknown [what does Wood mean by this?] to Oliver the usurper, died on the 30th of November 1654, and was buried in the vault before-mentioned by the bodies of his father and grand-father. The MSS. which he (and his father) left behind, are in the hands of his son Thomas, and might be made useful for the public, if in others."—*Ath. Oxon. iii.* 223. *Ed.* 1817.

4. The Habingtons were connected with the Talbots through the above RICHARD HABINGTON'S *second* son RICHARD HABINGTON, whose granddaughter ELEANOR BASKERVILLE married JOHN TALBOT of Longdon: and became the mother of (1) JOHN, Lord TALBOT 10th Earl of SHREWSBURY, who succeeded his bachelor uncle GEORGE TALBOT, the 9th Earl (lamented by our Poet at *p.* 77) on his death, 2d April 1630: (2) of GEORGE TALBOT, our author's bosom friend, who died young and unmarried: and of other children.

5. The second son of the Earl of PEMBROKE, Sir WILLIAM HERBERT, was created on 2d April 1629, 1st Baron POWIS. He had three children by ELEANOR, youngest daughter of HENRY PERCY, 10th Earl of NORTHUMBERLAND, Sir PERCY HERBERT, CATHERINE HERBERT, and LUCY HERBERT. This Lucy Herbert is *Castara.*

6. A concurrence of allusions would seem to fix Habington's marriage with Lucy Herbert, between 1630 and 1633: later than which it cannot be: as the anniversary of his wedding day is celebrated in verse, at *p.* 80. Most of the poems relate to

'those of my blood
And my *Castara's.*'

There is in the arrangement a slight thread of continuity. We are to realize the young Englishman, of good family, possibly not unhandsome, wooing—with a culture and grace acquired in France—the young English beauty; possibly under some disadvantage, being neither possessed of high station nor large fortune; and the lady's father too having just been made a Peer. The wooing beginning in town, migrates to Marlow.

See, he from *Marlow* sends
His eyes to *Seymours.* *p.* 41.

The lovers meeting 'under the kind shade of this tree' is noticed. In sum, the details of a pure courtship leading up to a happy marriage.

In "*Wits Recreations,* Selected [by the bookseller Humphry Blunden] from the Finest Fancies of Moderne Muses. London, 1640:" is the following.

19. *To Mr William Habington on his Castara, a Poem.*
Thy Muse is chaste and thy *Castara* too,
'Tis strange at Court, and thou hadst power to woo
And to obtain (what others were deny'd)
The fair *Castara* for thy vertuous bride:
Enjoy what you dare wish, and may there be,
Fair issues branch from both, to honor thee.

Again, the after incidents of life are alluded to, in the poems; *Castara* has a fever but she recovers, she mourns over the loss of friends, and the like: while, the brightness and fancifulness of this earlier poesy but reflect the happiness of the Poet's home.

7. There are also songs of Friendship. As where he reproaches his bosom friend Talbot for not having seen him for three days, at *p.* 39, or where he consoles him for the hard usage he has received from that jilt *Astrodora,* at *p.* 82: and most of all, in the eight passionate Elegies over his decease.

8. Occasionally there is a bit of lashing satire, as that against the cravings of Poets, at *p.* 50: or of dry humour, as in

Come therefore blest even in the Lollards zeale
Who canst with conscience safe, 'fore hen and veale
Say grace in Latine, while I faintly sing
A Penitentiall verse in oyle and Ling. *p.* 64.

9. Lastly: strangely intermingled are Requiems over the mortality of Man, the vanity and uncertainty of all things, leading almost to a disgust with life. Of this he thus gives the key-note in saying at *p.* 114, 'To live he knows a benefit, and the contempt of it ingratitude, and therefore loves, but not

doates on life.' To this frame of thought may be opposed the keen wise saying of a great contemporary: Selden.

"Whilst you are upon Earth enjoy the good things that are here (to that end were they given) and be not melancholly, and wish yourself in Heaven. If a King should give you the keeping of a Castle, with all things belonging to it, Orchards, Gardens, *&c.*, and bid you use them; withal promise you that after twenty years to remove you to Court, and to make you a Privy Councellor. If you should neglect your Castle, and refuse to eat of those fruits, and sit down, and whine, and wish you were a Privy Councellor, do you think the King would be pleased with you?"—*Table Talk, p.* 84. *Ed.* 1867. Our wisdom is to recognise the representations of Habington, and to live in the spirit of Selden: thus 'using the world as not abusing it'

William Habington's works were published in the following order:—

1634. *Castara.* First edition in 4to.

1635. *Castara.* Second edition in 12mo.

1639-40. *Castara.* Third edition in 12mo.

1640. The Historie of Edward the Fourth, King of England. By Wm. Habington Esquire. London. Fol.

1640. *The Queene of Arragon.* A Tragi-Comedie. London. 1640. Represented at Court and at Black Fryers.
It was revived at the Restoration, with a Prologue and Epilogue by S. BUTLER. See *Remains.* Ed. by Thyer. It is reprinted in Dodsley's *Old Plays, ix.* 333. *Ed.* 1825.

1641. *Observations upon Historie.* London.
These historical notes are six in number, upon as many points in modern History.

BIBLIOGRAPHY.

With FIRST LINES, &c. of the three first editions, showing the growth of the work.

(a) Issues in the Author's lifetime.

I. *As a separate publication.*

1. "CASTARA, &c. LONDON, Printed by *Anne Griffin* for *William Cooke*, and are to be sold at his shop neare *Furnivals Inne* gate in Holburne. 1634. 4to."

Perfectly anonymous: all names being represented by initials. It consists of only two Parts, each having a separate title page; in which Parts are contained the following:

CASTARA. THE FIRST PART.	PAGE
i. The Authour. [A Prose Preface] . . .	11
ii. G[EORGE] T[ALBOT]. Not in the silence of content, and store	14
iii. FIFTY-THREE Poems, by WILLIAM HABINGTON.	
1. Let the chaste Phœnix from the flowry East, . .	17
2. I saw *Castara* pray, and from the skie, . . .	17
3. Yee blushing Virgins happie are	18
4. By those chaste lamps which yeeld a silent light . .	18
5. Where am I? not in heaven: for oh I feele . .	19
6. Not still ith' shine of Kings. Thou dost retire . .	19
7. Doe not their prophane Orgies heare, . . .	20
8. Sing forth sweete Cherubin (for we have choice . .	21
9. In vaine faire sorceresse, thy eyes speake charmes, . .	22
10. While you dare trust the loudest tongue of fame, . .	22

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11. Why doth the stubborne iron prove . . . 23
12. Transfix me with that flaming dart . . . 24
13. Wing'd with delight (yet such as still doth beare . . 25
14. Learned shade of *Tycho Brache*, who to us, . . 26
15. Ye glorious wits, who finde then Parian stone . . 26
16. If she should die, (as well suspect we may, . . 27
17. You younger children of your father stay, . . 27
18. Fond Love himselfe hopes to disguise . . . 28
19. *Feare.* Checke thy forward thoughts, and know . . 28
20. Nimble boy in thy warme flight, ... 29
21. *Cupids* dead, who would not dye, . . . 30
22. Fly on thy swiftest wing, ambitious Fame, . . 30
23. *Raphill.* Dost not thou *Castara* read . . . 31
24. Why haste you hence *Castara*? Can the earth, . . 32
25. I am engag'd to sorrow, and my heart . . . 33
26. Th' Arabian wind, whose breathing gently blows . . 33
27. Looke backe *Castara.* From thy eye . . . 33
28. Tis madnesse to give physicke to the dead; . . 34
29. The lesser people of the ayre conspire . . . 34
30. Swift in thy watry chariot, courteous *Thames*, . . 35
31. My Muse (great Lord) when last you heard her sing . 35
32. Thankes *Cupid*, but the Coach of *Venus* moves . . 36
33. How fancie mockes me? By th' effect I prove, . . 37
34. Faire Mistresse of the earth, with garlands crown'd, . 37
35. With your calme precepts goe, and lay a storme, . . 38
36. T'is I *Castara*, who when thou wert gone, . . . 38
37. Pronounce me guilty of a Blacker crime, . . . 39
38. Thrice hath the pale-fac'd Empresse of the night, . . 39
39. Scorn'd in thy watry Vrne *Narcissus* lye, . . . 40
40. Banisht from you, I charg'd the nimble winde, . . 40
41. Blest Temple, haile, where the Chast Altar stands, . . 41
42. Bright Dew which dost the field adorne . . . 41
43. Stay under the kinde shadow of this tree . . . 42
44. Dare not too farre *Castara*, for the shade . . . 43
45. Vowes are vaine. No suppliant breath . . . 43
46. *Night.* Let silence close my troubled eyes, . . . 44
47. Your judgement's cleere, not wrinckled with the Time, . 45
48. What should we feare *Castara*? The coole aire, . . 46
49. More welcome my *Castara*, then was light . . . 46
50. Why dost thou looke so pale, decrepit man? . . 52
51. T'was Night: when *Phœbe* guided by thy rayes, . . 52
52. Why would you blush *Castara*, when the name . . . 53
53. Like the Violet which alone 53

CASTARA. THE SECOND PART.

iv. THIRTY-SIX more Poems.
54. This day is ours. The marriage Angell now . . 59
55. Did you not see, *Castara*, when the King. . . 59
56. Whose whispers soft as those which lóvers breath . . 60
57. Forsake me not so soone. *Castara* stay, . . 61
58. Hence prophane grim man, nor dare . . . 61
59. Sleepe my *Castara*, silence doth invite . . . 62
60. She is restor'd to life. Vnthrifty Death, . . . 62
61. May you drinke beare, or that adult'rate wine . . 63
62. *Castara* whisper in some dead mans eare, . . . 64
63. Forsake with me the earth, my faire, . . . 64
64. *Castara* weepe not, though her tombe appeare . . 65
65. What's death more than departure; the dead go . . 67
66. *Castara*! O you are too prodigall . . . 67
67. I heard a sigh, and something in my eare . . . 68
68. You saw our loves, and prais'd the mutuall flame . . 68
69. Why should we build, *Castara*, in the aire . . 69
70. *Castara*, see that dust, the sportive wind . . . 70
71. *Were but* that sigh a penitentiall breath . . . 70

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72. Graphill. *Castara* you too fondly court . . . 71
73. My thoughts are not so rugged, nor doth earth . . 72
74. Tyrant o're tyrants, thou who onely dost . . . 73
75. The breath of time shall blast the flowry Spring, . . 73
76. The reverend man by magicke of his prayer . . 74
77. Thy vowes are heard, and thy *Castara's* name . . 75
78. Thou dreame of madmen, ever changing gale, . . 75
79. Were we by fate throwne downe below our feare . . 76
80. What can the freedome of our love enthrall? . . 76
81. Bright Saint, thy pardon, if my sadder verse . . 77
82. I like the greene plush which your meadows weare . . 78
83. Thou art return'd (great Light) to that blest houre . . 80
84. They meet but with unwholesome Springs . . . 80
85. The Laurell doth your reverend temples wreath . . 81
86. 'Bout th' husband Oke, the Vine 82
87. Let not thy grones force Eccho from her cave, . . 82
88. We saw and woo'd each others eyes 83
89. Here Virgin fix thy pillars, and command . . . 98

2. "*CASTARA*. The Second Edition. Corrected and Augmented. London. Printed by *B. A.* and *T. F.* for *Will. Cooke*, and are to bee sold at his shop neare *Furnivals-Inne* gate in *Holburne*, 1635. 12mo."

In this second edition, the authorship is avowed by means of a new heading to G. Talbot's poem, at *p.* 14. It still consists of but two Parts, each with a separate title: but is augmented by three Characters in prose and twenty-six poems; all by Habington.

CASTARA. THE FIRST PART.

i. A CHARACTER. *A Mistris*. 15
ii. FOUR additional poems are inserted.
90. Hee who is good is happy. Let the loude . . 47
91. Harke, how the traytor winde doth court . . . 49
92. It shall not grieve me (friend) though what I write . . 50
93. You who are earth, and cannot rise . . . 51

CASTARA. THE SECOND PART.

iii. A CHARACTER. *A Wife*. 57
iv. FOURTEEN additional Poems.
94. Though my deare *Talbots* Fate exact, a sad . . 84
95. If your example be obey'd 86
96. Its fa'se Arithmaticke to say thy breath . . . 88
97. Why should we feare to melt away in death . . 89
98. When *Pelion* wondring saw, that raine which fell . . 89
99. O whither dost thou flye? Cannot my vow . . 90
100. Where sleepes the North-wind when the South inspires . 90
101. Should the cold *Muscovit*, whose furre and stove . . 91
102. *Amphion*, O thou holy shade 92
103. You'd leave the silence in which safe we are . . 92
104. Give me a heart where no impure . . . 94
105. Why doth the eare so tempt the voyce, . . . 95
106. I hate the Countries durt and manners, yet . . 96
107. I wonder when w'are dead, what men will say; . . 97
v. A CHARACTER. *A Friend*.
vi. EIGHT Elegies "*The Funerals of the Honourable my best Friend and Kinsman*, GEORGE TALBOT, Esq." . 101
108. (1) Twere malice to the fame; to weepe alone . . 101
109. (2) *Talbot* is dead. Like lightning which no part . . 102
110. (3) Let me contemplate thee (faire soule) and though . 103
111. (4) My name, dear friend, even thy expiring breath . 104
112. (5) Chast as the Nuns first vow, as fairely bright . . 105
113. (6) Goe stop the swift-wing'd moments in their flight . 107
114. (7) There is no peace in sinne. Æternall war . . 108
115. (8) Boast not the rev'rend Vatican, nor all . . 109

3. 1640. Third Edition in 12mo: with Titles, Characters, and Poems arranged in the order here reprinted. For titles, see *pp.* 9, 55, 111. There are no further additions to the first two parts: but there is added an entire Third Part.

CASTARA. THIRD PART.

i. A CHARACTER. *The Holy Man.* 112
ii. TWENTY-TWO Poems, chiefly Sacred, with mottoes from the Vulgate. We have here given the equivalent passages in the Authorized version: inserting between [ ] the Douay version where it more closely follows the Latin of the Vulgate.
116. *O Lord, open thou my lips.* Ps. li. 15. No monument of me remaine 115
117. *My harp also is turned to mourning.* Job xxx. 31. Love! I no orgies sing 116
118. *I will destroy the wisdom of the wise.* 1 Cor. i. 19. Forgive my envie to the World; while I 118
119. [*Declare unto me the fewnes of my days*, Douay]. *He shortened my days.* Ps. cii. 23. Tell me O great All knowing God 119
120. *Not unto us, O Lord.* Ps. cxv. 1. No marble statue, nor high 120
121. *The graves are ready for me.* Job xvii. 1. Welcome thou safe retreate 121
122. *He fleeth also as a shadow.* Job xiv. 2. What shadow your faire body made 122
123. *Night unto night sheweth knowledge.* Ps. xix. 2. When I survay the bright 124
124. *But the proud he knoweth afar off.* Ps. cxxxviii. 6. To the cold humble hermitage 125
125. *Thou wilt make all his bed in his sickness.* Ps. xli. 3. My Soule! When thou and I 126
126. *Praise ye the Lord from the heavens.* Ps. cxlviii. 1 You spirits! who have throwne away 127
127. *He cometh forth like a flower.* Job xiv. 2. Faire Madame: you 129
128. *Why boasteth thou thyself in mischief.* Ps. lii. 1. Swell no more, proud man, so high! 130
129. *My God, my God.* Ps. xxii. 1. There is that foole Philosophie 131
130. [*For I am ready for scourges*, Douay]. *For I am ready to halt.* Ps. xxxviii. 17. Fix me on some bleake precipice . 133
131. [*The life of man upon earth is a warfare*, Douay]. *Is there not an appointed time to man upon earth.* Job vii. 1. Were it your appetite of glory, (which . . . 134
132. *Shew me thy ways, O Lord.* Ps. xxv. 4. Where have I wandred? In what way 136
133. *And exalteth them of low degree.* Luke i. 52. How cheerefully th' unpartiall Sunne 138
134. *Lord of Lords.* Deut. x. 17. Supreame Divinity! Who yet 139
135. *I will be sorry for my sin.* Ps. xxxviii. 18. In what darke silent grove 140
136. *I shall go softly all my years.* Is. xxxviii. 15. Time! where didst thou those years inter 142
137. *Having a desire to depart.* Phil. i. 23. The soule which doth with God unite 143

II. *With other Works.*

None.

(b) Issues since the Author's death.

I. *As a separate publication.*

6. 14 April 1870. London. 1 vol. 8vo. *English Reprints*: see title at *p.* 1. This Edition follows No. **3** as to the arrangement of the Poems, &c.: but has been corrected with the earlier editions when ever in spelling or punctuation the former were the better readings. In doubtful cases, the earlier variations are shown in footnotes.

5. [1812.] Bristol. Habington's *Castara*, with a preface and notes by CHARLES A. ELTON. 1 vol. 8vo. [A reprint of No. **3**.]

II. *With other Works.*

4. London. 1810. *The Works of the English Poets.* Ed. by A. CHALMERS, 21 vols. 8vo. F.S.A. Vol. iv. 437-482 contains a Reprint of No. **3**.

III. *Selections, &c.*

One or more of these Poems will be found in the Selections of Ellis, H. *Headley, The Lyre of Love*, E. Sandford's *British Poets*, &c. &c.

CASTARA:

—Carmina non prius Audita, Musarum sacerdos Virginibus.—

The third Edition.
Corrected and augmented

LONDON
Printed by *T. Cotes*, for *Will. Cooke*: and are to be sold at his
Shop neere *Fernivals-Inne* Gate
in *Holburne*. 1640.

The Author

THe Preſſe hath gathered into one, what fancie had ſcattered in many looſe papers. To write this, love ſtole ſome houres from buſineſſe, and my more ſerious ſtudy. For though Poetry may challenge if not priority, yet equality with the beſt Sciences, both for antiquity and worth; I never ſet ſo high a rate upon it, as to give my ſelfe entirely up to its devotion. It hath too much ayre, and (if without offence to our next tranſmarine neighbour,) [1]wantons too much according to the French garbe. And when it is wholly imployed in the ſoft ſtraines of love, his ſoule who entertaines it, loſeth much of that ſtrength which ſhould confirme him man. The nerves of judgement are weakned moſt by its dalliance, and when woman, (I meane onlye as ſhe is externally faire) is the ſupreme object of wit, we ſoone degenerate into effeminacy. For the religion of fancie declines into a mad ſuperſtition, when it[2] adores that Idoll which is not ſecure from age and ſickneſſe. Of ſuch heathens, our times afford us a pittyed multitude, who can give no nobler teſtimony of twenty yeares imployment, then ſome looſe coppies of luſt happily expreſt. Yet theſe the common people of wit blow up with their breath of praiſe, and honour with the Sacred name of Poets: To which as I beleeve they can never have any juſt claime, ſo ſhall I not dare by this eſſay to lay any title, ſince more ſweate and oyle he muſt ſpend, who ſhall arrogate ſo excellent an attribute. Yet if the innocency of a chaſte Muſe ſhall bee more acceptable, and weigh heavier in the ballance of eſteeme, than a fame, begot in adultery of ſtudy; I doubt I ſhall leave them no hope of competition. For how unhappie ſoever I may be in the elocution, I am ſure the Theame is

[1] she wantons too much. 1635. [2] she adores. 1635.

worthy enough. In all thoſe flames in which I burnt, I never felt a wanton heate, nor was my invention ever ſiniſter from the ſtraite way of chaſtity. And when love builds upon that rocke, it may ſafely contemne the battery of the waves, and threatnings of the wind. Since time, that makes a mockery of the firmeſt ſtructures ſhall it ſelfe be ruinated, before that be demoliſht. Thus was the foundation layd. And though my eye in its ſurvey, was ſatisfi'd, even to curioſity, yet did not my ſearch reſt there. The Alabaſter, Ivory, Porphir, Iet, that lent an admirable beauty to the outward building, entertained me with but a halfe pleaſure, ſince they ſtood there onely to make ſport for ruine. But when my ſoule grew acquainted with the owner of that manſion, I found that Oratory was dombe when it began to ſpeak her, and wonder (which muſt neceſſarily ſeize the beſt at that time) a lethargie, that dulled too much the faculties of the minde, onely fit to buſie themſelves in diſcourſing her perfections, Wiſdome, I encounter'd there, that could not ſpend it ſelfe ſince it affected ſilence, attentive onely to inſtructions, as if all her ſences had beene contracted into hearing: Innocence, ſo not vitiated by converſation with the world, that the ſubtile witted of her ſex, would have tearm'd it ignorance: Wit, which ſeated it ſelfe moſt in the apprehenſion, and if not inforc't by good manners, would ſcarce have gain'd the name of affability: Modeſty, ſo timorous, that it repreſented a beſieg'd Citty, ſtanding watchfully upon her guard, ſtrongeſt in the loyalty to her Prince. In a word, all thoſe vertues which ſhould reſtore woman to her primitive ſtate of beauty, fully adorn'd her. But I ſhall be cenſur'd, in labouring to come nigh the truth, guilty of an indiſcreet Rhetoricke. However ſuch I fancied her, for to ſay ſhee is, or was ſuch, were to play the

Merchant, and boaſt too much the value of a Iewell I poſſeſſe, but have no minde to part with. And though I appeare to ſtrive againſt the ſtreame of beſt wits, in erecting the ſelfe ſame Altar, both to chaſtity and love; I will for once adventure to doe well, without a preſident. Nor if my rigid friend queſtion ſuperciliouſly the ſetting forth of theſe Poems, will I excuſe my ſelfe (though juſtly perhaps I might) that importunity prevail'd and cleere judgements advis'd. This onely I dare ſay, that if they are not ſtrangled with envie of the preſent, they may happily live in the not diſlike of future times. For then partiality ceaſeth, and vertue is without the idolatry of her clients, eſteemed worthy honour. Nothing new is free from detraction, and when Princes alter cuſtomes even heavie to the ſubject, beſt ordinances are interpreted innovations. Had I ſlept in the ſilence of my acquaintance, and affected no ſtudy beyond that which the chaſe or field allowes, Poetry had then beene no ſcandall upon me, and the love of learning no ſuſpition of ill husbandry. But what malice, begot in the Country upon ignorance, or in the City upon Criticiſme, ſhall prepare againſt me, I an armed to endure. For as the face of vertue lookes faire without the adultery of Art, ſo fame needes no ayde from rumour to ſtrengthen her ſelfe. If theſe lines want that courtſhip, (I will not ſay flattery) which inſinuates it ſelfe into the favour of great men, beſt; they partake of my modeſty. If Satyre to win applauſe with the envious multitude; they expreſſe my content, which maliceth none, the fruition of that, they eſteeme happie. And if not too indulgent to what is my owne, I thinke even theſe verſes will have that proportion in the worlds opinion, that heaven hath allotted me in fortune; not ſo high, as to be wondred at, nor ſo low as to be contemned.

[1]To his beſt friend and Kinſman *William Habington*, Eſquire.

NOt in the ſilence of content and ſtore
Of private ſweets ought thy Muſe charme no more.
Then thy Caſtara's *eare. 'Twere wrong ſuch gold*
Should not like Mines, (poore nam'd to this) behold
It ſelfe a publike joy. Who her reſtraine,
Make a cloſe priſoner of a Soveraigne.
Inlarge her then to triumph. While wee ſee
Such worthy in beauty, ſuch deſert in thee,
Such mutuall flames betweene you both, as ſhow
How chaſtity, though yce, like love can glow,
Yet ſtand a Virgin: How that full content
By vertue is to ſoules united, lent,
Which proves all wealth is poore, all honours are
But empty titles, higheſt power but care,
That quits not coſt. Yet Heaven to Vertue kind,
Hath given you plenty to ſuffice a minde
That knowes but temper. For beyond your ſtate
May be a prouder, not a happier Fate.
I Write not this in hope t'incroach on fame,
Or adde a greater luſtre to your name.
Bright in it ſelfe enough. We two are knowne
To th' World, as to our ſelves, to be but one
In blood as ſtudy: And my carefull love
Did never action worth my name, approve
Which ſerv'd not thee. Nor did we ere contend,
But who ſhould be beſt patterne of a friend.
Who read thee, praiſe thy fancie, and admire
Thee burning with ſo high and pure a fire,
As reaches heaven it ſelfe. But I who know
Thy ſoule religious to her ends, where grow
No ſinnes by art or cuſtome, boldly can
Stile thee more that good Poët, a good man.
Then let thy temples ſhake off vulgar bayes,
Th' haſt built an Altar which enſhrines thy praiſe:
And to the faith of after time commends
Yee the beſt paire of lovers, us of friends.

[2]GEORGE TALBOT.

1 *To his best friend and kinsman, On his* CASTARA. 1634. 2 G. T. 1634.

A Mistris.

IS the faireſt treaſure, the avarice of Love can covet; and the onely white, at which he ſhootes his arrowes, nor while his aime is noble, can he ever hit upon repentance. She is chaſte, for the devill enters the Idoll and gives the Oracle, when wantonneſſe poſſeſſeth beauty, and wit maintaines it lawfull. She is as faire as Nature intended her, helpt perhaps to a more pleaſing grace by the ſweetneſſe of education, not by the ſlight of Art. She is young, for a woman paſt the delicacie of her ſpring, may well move by vertue to reſpect, never by beauty to affection. Shee is innocent even from the knowledge of ſinne, for vice is too strong to be wraſtled with, and gives her frailty the foyle. She is not proude, though the amorous youth interpret her modeſtie to that fence; but in her vertue weares ſo much Majeſtie, luſt dares not rebell, nor though maſqued, under the pretence of love, capitulate with her. She entertaines not every parley offer'd, although the Articles pretended to her advantage: advice and her own feares reſtraine her, and woman never owed ruine to too much caution. She glories not in the plurality of ſervants, a multitude of adorers heaven can onely challenge, and it is impietie in her weakeneſſe to deſire ſuperſlition from many. She is deafe to the whispers of love, and even on the marriage houre can breake off, without the leaſt ſuſpition of ſcandall, to the former liberty of her carriage. She avoydes a too neere converſation with man, and like the Parthian overcomes by flight. Her language is not copious but appoſit, and ſhe had rather ſuffer the reproach of being dull company, than have the title of Witty, with that of

Bold and Wanton. In her carriage ſhe is ſober, and thinkes her youth expreſſeth life enough, without the giddy motion, faſhion of late hath taken up. She danceth to the beſt applauſe but doates not on the vanity of it, nor licenceth an irregular meeting to vaunt the levity of her skill. She ſings, but not perpetually, for ſhe knowes, ſilence in woman is the moſt perſwading oratory. She never arriv'd to ſo much familiarity with man as to know the diminutive of his name, and call him by it; and ſhe can ſhow a competent favour: without yeelding her hand to his gripe. Shee never underſtood the language of a kiſſe, but at ſalutation, nor dares the Courtier uſe ſo much of his practiſed impudence as to offer the rape of it from her: becauſe chastity hath writ it unlawfull, and her behaviour proclaimes it unwelcome. She is never ſad, and yet not jiggiſh; her conſcience is cleere from guilt, and that ſecures her from ſorrow. She is not paſſionately in love with poetry, becauſe it ſoftens the heart too much to love; but ſhe likes the harmony in the Compoſition; and the brave examples of vertue celebrated by it, ſhe propoſeth to her imitation. She is not vaine in the hiſtory of her gay kindred or acquaintance; ſince vertue is often tenant to a cottage, and familiarity with greatneſſe (if worth be not tranſcendant above the title) is but a glorious ſervitude, fooles onely are willing to ſuffer. She is not ambitious to be prais'd, and yet values death beneath infamy. And Ile conclude, (though the next ſinod of Ladies condemne this character as an hereſie broacht by a Preciſion) that onely ſhe who hath as great a ſhare in vertue as in beauty, deſerves a noble love to ſerve her, and a free Poeſie to ſpeake her.

To CASTARA.

A Sacrifice.

ET the chaſte Phœnix from the flowry Eaſt,
Bring the ſweete treaſure of her perfum'd neſt,
As incenſe to this Altar, where the name
Of my *Caſtara's* grav'd by th' hand of fame.
Let purer Virgins, to redeeme the aïre
From looſe infection, bring their zealous prayer,
T' aſſiſt at this great feaſt: where they ſhall ſee,
What rites Love offers up to Chaſtity.
Let all the amorous Youth, whoſe faire deſire
Felt never warmth, but from a noble fire,
Bring hither their bright flâmes: which here ſhall ſhine
As Tapers fixt about *Caſtara's* ſhrine.
While I the Prieſt, my untam'd heart, ſurpriſe,
And in this Temple mak't her ſacrifice.

To CASTARA,

Praying.

Saw *Castara* pray, and from the skie,
A winged legion of bright Angels flie
To catch her vowes, for feare her Virgin prayer
Might chance to mingle with impurer aire.
To vulgar eyes, the ſacred truth I write,
May ſeeme a fancie. But the Eagles ſight
Of Saints, and Poets, miracles oft view,
Which to dull Heretikes appeare untrue.
Faire zeale begets ſuch wonders. O divine
And pureſt beauty; let me thee enſhrine
In my devoted ſoule, and from thy praiſe,
T' enrich my garland, pluck religious Bayes.
Shine thou the ſtarre by which my thoughts ſhall move,
Beſt ſubject of my pen, Queene of my love.

To Roſes in the boſome of CASTARA.

YEE bluſhing Virgins happie are
In the chaſte Nunn'ry of her breſts,
For hee'd prophane ſo chaſte a faire,
Who ere ſhould call them *Cupids* neſts.

Tranſplanted thus how bright yee grow,
How rich a perfume doe yee yeeld?
In ſome cloſe garden, Cowſlips ſo
Are ſweeter then ith' open field.

In thoſe white Cloyſters live ſecure
From the rude blaſts of wanton breath,
Each houre more innocent and pure,
Till you ſhall wither into death.

Then that which living gave you roome,
Your glorious ſepulcher ſhall be.
There wants no marble for a tombe,
Whoſe breſt hath marble beene to me.

To CASTARA,
A Vow.

BY thoſe chaſte lamps which yeeld a ſilent light,
To the cold Vrnes of Virgins; By that night,
Which guilty of no crime, doth onely heare
The Vowes of recluſe Nuns, and th' An'thrits [prayer;
And by thy chaſter ſelfe; My fervent zeale
Like mountaine yce, which the North winds congeale,
To pureſt Chriſtall, feeles no wanton fire.
But as the humble Pilgrim, (whoſe deſire
Bleſt in Chriſts cottage, view by Angels hands,
Tranſported from ſad Bethlem,) wondring ſtands
At the great miracle: So I at thee,
Whoſe beauty is the ſhrine of chaſtity.
Thus my bright Muſe in a new orbe ſhall move,
And even teach Religion how to love.

To CASTARA,
Of his being in Love.

WHere am I? not in Heaven: for oh I ſeele
The ſtone of *Siſiphus*, *Ixions* wheele;
And all thoſe tortures, Poets (by their wine
Made judges) laid on *Tantalus*, are mine.
Not yet am I in hell; for ſtill I ſtand,
Though giddy in my paſſion, on firme land,
And ſtill behold the ſeaſons of the yeare,
Springs in my hope, and Winters in my feare.
And ſure I'me 'bove the earth: For th' higheſt ſtar
Shoots beames, but dim to what *Castara's* are,
And in her ſight and favour I even ſhine
In a bright orbe beyond the Chriſtalline.
If then *Caſtara* I in Heaven nor move,
Nor Earth, nor Hell; where am I but in Love?

To my honoured Friend, Mr. E. P.

NOt ſtill ith' ſhine of Kings. Thou doſt retire
Sometime to th' Holy ſhade, where the chaſte quire
Of Muſes doth the ſtubborne Panther awe,
And give the wilderneſſe of his nature law.
The wind his chariot ſtops: Th' attentive rocke
The rigor doth of its creation mocke,
And gently melts away: *Argus* to heare
The muſicke, turnes each eye into an eare.
To welcome thee, *Endymion*, glorious they
Triumph to force theſe creatures diſobey
What nature hath enacted. But no charme
The Muſes have theſe monſters can diſarme
Of their innated rage: No ſpell can tame
The North-winds fury, but *Caſtara's* name.
Climbe yonder forked hill, and ſee if there
Ith' barke of every Daphne, not appeare
Caſtara written; And ſo markt by me,
How great a Prophet growes each Virgin tree?

Lie downe, and liſten what the ſacred ſpring
In her harmonious murmures, ſtrives to ſing
To th' neighb'ring banke, ere her looſe waters erre
Through common channels; ſings ſhe not of her?
Behold yond' violet, which ſuch honour gaines,
That growing but to emulate her veines,
It's azur'd like the skie: when ſhe doth bow
T' invoke *Caſtara*, heav'n perfumes her vow.
The trees the water, and the flowers adore
The Deity of her ſex, and through each pore
Breath forth her glories. But unquiet love
[1]To make thy paſſions ſo uncourtly prove,
As if all eares ſhould heare her praiſe alone.
Now liſten thou; *Endymion* ſings his owne.

To CASTARA.

DOe not their prophane Orgies heare,
Who but to wealth no altars reare,
The ſoule's oft poys'ned through the eare.

Caſtara rather ſeeke to dwell
Ith' ſilence of a private cell.
Rich diſcontent's a glorious hell.

Yet *Hindlip* doth not want extent
Of roome (though not magnificent)
To give free welcome to content.

There ſhalt thou ſee the earely Spring,
That wealthy ſtocke of nature bring,
Of which the Sybils bookes did ſing.

From fruitleſſe Palmes ſhall honey flow,
And barren Winter Harveſt ſhow,
While Lilies in his boſome grow,

No North-winde ſhall the corne infeſt,
But the ſoft ſpirit of the Eaſt,
Our ſent with perfum'd banquets feaſt.

[1] To make affection so ill-nurtur'd prove. 1634, 1635.

A Satyre here and there ſhall trip,
In hope to purchaſe leave to ſip
Sweete Nectar from a Fairies lip.

The Nimphs with quivers ſhall adorne
Their active ſides, and rouſe the morne
With the ſhrill muſicke of their horne.

Wakened with which, and viewing thee,
Faire *Daphne* her faire ſelfe ſhall free,
From the chaſte priſon of a tree:

And with *Narciſſus* (to thy face
Who humbly will aſcribe all grace)
Shall once againe purſue the chaſe.

So they, whoſe wiſdome did diſcuſſe
Of theſe as fictions: ſhall in us
Finde, they were more then fabulous.

To CASTARA,

Softly ſinging to her ſelfe.

SIng forth ſweete Cherubin (for we have choice
Of reaſons in thy beauty and the voyce,
To name thee ſo, and ſcarce appeare prophane)
Sing forth, that while the orbs celeſtiall ſtraine
To eccho thy ſweete note, our humane eares
May then receive the Muſicke of the Spheares.
But yet take heede, leſt if the Swans of Thames,
That adde harmonious pleaſure to the ſtreames,
Oth' ſudden heare thy well-divided breath,
Should liſten, and in ſilence welcome death:
And raviſht Nightingales, ſtriving too high
To reach thee, in the emulation dye.
And thus there will be left no bird to ſing
Farewell to th' Waters, welcome to the Spring.

To a Wanton.

IN vaine faire ſorcereſſe, thy eyes ſpeake charmes,
In vaine thou mak'ſt looſe circles with thy armes.
I'me 'bove thy ſpels. No magicke him can move,
In whom *Caſtara* hath inſpir'd her love.
As ſhe, keepe thou ſtrict cent'nell o're thy eare,
Leſt it the whiſpers of ſoft Courtiers heare;
Reade not his raptures, whoſe invention muſt
Write journey worke, both for his Patrons luſt,
And his owne pluſh: let no admirer feaſt
His eye oth' naked banquet of thy breſt.
If this faire preſident, nor yet my want
Of love, to anſwer thine, make thee recant
Thy ſorc'ries; Pity ſhall to juſtice turne,
And judge thee, witch, in thy owne flames to burne.

To the Honourable my much honoured friend, R. B. *Eſquire.*

WHile you dare truſt the loudeſt tongue of fame,
The zeale you heare your Miſtreſſe to proclaim
To th' talking world: I in the ſilent'ſt grove,
Scarce to my ſelfe dare whiſper that I love.
Thee, titles *Brud'nell*, riches thee adorne,
And vigorous youth to vice not headlong borne
By th' tide of cuſtome: Which I value more
Then what blind ſuperſtitious fooles adore,
Who greatneſſe in the chaire of bliſſe enthrone.
Greatneſſe we borrow, Vertue is our owne.
In thy attempt be proſperous, and when ere
Thou ſhalt prefix the houre; may *Hymen* weare
His brighteſt robe; where ſome fam'd Perſian ſhall
Worke by the wonder of her needle all
The nuptiall joyes; which (if we Poets be

True Prophets) bounteous heaven deſignes for thee.
I envie not, but glory in thy fate,
While in the narrow limits of my ſtate
I bound my hopes. Which if *Caſtara* daigne
Once to entitle hers; the wealthieſt graine
My earth, untild ſhall beare; my trees ſhall grone
Vnder their fruitfull burthen, and at one
And the ſame ſeaſon, Nature forth ſhall bring
Riches of Autumne, pleaſures of the Spring.
But digge, and thou ſhalt finde a purer Mine
The th' Indians boaſt: Taſte of this generous Vine,
And her blood ſweeter will than Nectar prove.
Such miracles wait on a noble love.
But ſhould ſhe ſcorne my ſuite, I'le tread that path
Which none but ſome ſad Fairy beaten hath.
There force wrong'd *Philomel*, hearing my mone,
To ſigh my greater griefes, forget her owne.

To CASTARA,
Inquiring why I loved her.

WHy doth the ſtubborne iron prove
So gentle to th' magnetique ſtone?
How know you that the orbs doe move;
With muſicke too? ſince heard of none?
And I will anſwer why I love.

'Tis not thy vertues, each a ſtarre
Which in thy ſoules bright ſpheare doe ſhine,
Shooting their beauties from a farre,
To make each gazers heart like thine;
Our vertues often Meteors are.

'Tis not thy face, I cannot ſpie
When Poëts weepe ſome Virgins death,
That *Cupid* wantons in her eye,
Or perfumes vapour from her breath,
And 'mongſt the dead thou once muſt lie.[1]

1 And there must once thy beauty lie. 1634, 1635.

Nor is't thy birth. For I was ne're
So vaine as in that to delight:
Which ballance it, no weight doth beare,
Nor yet is obiect to the ſight,
But onely fils the vulgar eare.

Nor yet thy fortunes: Since I know
They in their motion like the Sea:
Ebbe from the good, to the impious flow;
And so in flattery betray,
That, raiſing they but overthrow.

And yet theſe attributes might prove
Fuell enough t' enflame deſire;
But there was ſomething from above,
Shot without reaſons guide, this fire.
I know, yet know not, why I love.

To CASTARA,
Looking upon him.

TRansfix me with that flaming dart
Ith' eye, or breſt, or any part,
So thou, *Caſtara,* ſpare my heart.

The cold Cymerian by that bright
Warme wound, ith' darkneſſe of his night,
Might both recover heat, and light.

The rugged Scythian gently move,
Ith' whiſpering ſhadow of ſome grove,
That's conſecrate to ſportive Love.

December ſee the Primroſe grow,
The Rivers in ſoft murmurs flow,
And from his head ſhake off his ſnow.

And crooked age might feele againe
Thoſe heates, of which youth did complaine,
While freſh blood ſwels each withered veyne.

For the bright luſtre of thy eyes,
Which but to warme them would ſuffice,
May burne me to a ſacrifice.

[1]*To the right honourable the Counteſſe of* Ar.

Ing'd with delight (yet ſuch as ſtill doth beare
Chaſte vertues ſtamp) thoſe Children of the yeere
The dayes, haſte nimbly; and while as they flie,
Each of them with their predeceſſors vie,
Which yeelds moſt pleaſure; you to them diſpence,
What Time loſt with his cradle, innocence.
So I (if fancie not delude my ſight,)
See often the pale monarch of the night,
Diana, 'mong her nimphs. For every quire
Of vulgar ſtarres, who lend their weaker fire
To conquer the nights chilneſſe, with their Queene,
In harmeleſſe revels tread the happy greene.
But I who am proſcrib'd by tyrant love,
Seeke out a ſilent exile in ſome grove,
Where nought except a ſolitary Spring,
Was ever heard, to which the Nimphs did ſing
Narciſſus obſequies: For onely there
Is muſique apt to catch an am'rous eare.
Caſtara! oh my heart! How great a flame
Did even ſhoot into me with her name?
Caſtara hath betray'd me to a zeale
Which thus diſtracts my hopes. Flints may conceale
In their cold veynes a fire. But I whoſe heart
By Love's diſſolv'd, ne're practis'd that cold art.
But truce thou warring paſſion, for I'le now
Madam to you addreſſe this ſolemne vow.
By Vertue and your ſelfe (beſt friends) I finde
In the interiour province of your minde
Such government: That if great men obey
Th' example of your order, they will ſway
Without reproofe. For onely you unite
Honour with ſweeteneſſe, vertue with delight.

[1] *To the right honourable my very good Lady,* Anne *Countesse of* Ar. 1634, 1635.

Vpon CASTARA'S *frowne or ſmile.*

Earned ſhade of *Tycho Brache*, who to us,
The ſtars propheticke language didſt impart,
And even in life their myſteries diſcuſſe:
Caſtara hath o'rethrowne thy ſtrongeſt art.

When cuſtome ſtruggles from her beaten path,
Then accidents muſt needs uncertaine be.
For if *Caſtara* ſmile; though winter hath
Lock't up the rivers: Summer's warme in me.

And *Flora* by the miracle reviv'd,
Doth even at her owne beauty wondring ſtand.
But ſhould ſhe frowne, the Northerne wind arriv'd,
In midſt of Summer, leads his frozen band:
Which doth to yce my youthfull blood congeale,
Yet in the midſt of yce, ſtill flames my zeale.

In CASTARA,
All fortunes.

E glorious wits, who finde then Parian ſtone,
A nobler quarry to build trophies on, [fame,
Purchaſt 'gainſt conquer'd time; Go court loud
He wins it, who but ſings *Caſtara's* name?
Aſpiring ſoules, who grow but in a Spring,
Forc't by the warmth of ſome indulgent King:
Know if *Caſtara* ſmile: I dwell in it,
And vie for glory with the Favorit.
Ye ſonnes of avarice, who but to ſhare
Vncertaine treaſure with a certaine care.
Tempt death in th' horrid Ocean: I, when ere
I but approach her, find the Indies there.
Heaven brighteſt Saint, kinde to my vowes made thee
Of all ambition courts, th' Epitome.

Vpon thought CASTARA *may dye.*

IF ſhe ſhould dye, (as well ſuſpect we may,
A body ſo compact ſhould ne're decay)
Her brighter ſoule would in the Moone inſpire
More chaſtity, in dimmer ſtarres more fire.
You twins of *Læda* (as your parents are
In their wild luſts) may grow irregular
Now in your motion: for the marriner
Henceforth ſhall onely ſteere his courſe by her.
And when the zeale of after time[1] ſhall ſpie
Her uncorrupt ith' happy marble lie;
The roſes in her cheekes unwithered,
'Twill turne to love, and dote upon the dead.
For he who did to her in life diſpence
A heaven, will baniſh all corruption thence.

Time to the moments, on ſight of CASTARA.

YOu younger children of your father ſtay,
Swift flying moments (which divide the day
And with your number meaſure out the yeare
In various ſeaſons) ſtay and wonder here.
For ſince my cradle, I ſo bright a grace
Ne're ſaw, as you ſee in *Caſtara's* face;
Whom nature to revenge ſome youthfull crime
Would never frame, till age had weakened Time.
Elſe ſpight of fate, in ſome faire forme of clay
My youth I'de bodied, throwne my ſythe away,
And broke my glaſſe. But ſince that cannot be,
I'le puniſh Nature for her injurie.
On nimble moments in your journey flie,
Caſtara ſhall like me, grow old, and die.

[1] times. 1634.

To a friend inquiring her name, whom he loved.

FOnd Love himſelfe hopes to diſguiſe
From view, if he but covered lies,
Ith' veile of my tranſparent eyes.

Though in a ſmile himſelfe he hide,
Or in a ſigh, thou art ſo tride
In all his arts, hee'le be diſcride.

I muſt confeſſe (Deare friend) my flame,
Whoſe boaſts *Caſtara* ſo doth tame,
That not thy faith, ſhall know her name.

Twere prophanation of my zeale,
If but abroad one whiſper ſteale,
They love betray, who him reveale.

In a darke cave which never eye
Could by his ſubtleſt ray deſcry,
It doth like a rich minerall lye.

Which if ſhe with her flame refine,
I'de force it from that obſcure Mine,
And then it like pure ſhould ſhine.

A Dialogue betweene Hope *and* Feare.

Feare, CHecke thy forward thoughts, and know
Hymen onely joynes their hands;
Who with even paces goe,
Shee in gold, he rich in lands.

Hope. But *Caſtara's* purer fire,
When it meetes a noble flame:
Shuns the ſmoke of ſuch deſire,
Ioynes with love, and burnes the ſame.

Feare. Yet obedience muſt prevaile,
They who o're her actions ſway:
Would have her in th' Ocean ſaile,
And contemne thy narrow ſea.

Hope. Parents lawes muſt beare no weight
When they happineſſe prevent.
And our ſea is not ſo ſtreight,
But it roome hath for content.

Feare. Thouſand hearts as victims ſtand,
At the Altar of her eyes.
And will partiall ſhe command,
Onely thine for ſacrifice?

Hope. Thouſand victims muſt returne;
Shee the pureſt will deſigne:
Chooſe *Caſtara* which ſhall burne,
Chooſe the pureſt, that is, mine.

To CVPID,
Vpon a dimple in CASTARA'S *cheeke.*

NImble boy in thy warme flight,
What cold tyrant dimm'd thy ſight?
Hadſt thou eyes to ſee my faire,
Thou wouldſt ſigh thy ſelfe to ayre:
Fearing to create this one,
Nature had her ſelfe undone.
But if you when this you heare
Fall downe murdered through your eare,
Begge of *Iove* that you may have
In her cheeke a dimpled grave.
Lilly, Roſe, and Violet,
Shall the perfum'd Hearſe beſet
While a beauteous ſheet of Lawne,
O're the wanton corps is drawne:
And all lovers uſe this breath;
" Here lies *Cupid* bleſt in death.

Vpon CVPID'S *death and buriall in* CASTARA'S *cheeke*

Vpids dead. Who would not dye,
To be interr'd ſo neere her eye?
Who would feare the ſword, to have
Such an Alabaſter grave?
O're which two bright tapers burne,
To give light to the beauteous Vrne.
At the firſt *Caſtara* ſmil'd,
Thinking *Cupid* her beguil'd,
Onely counterfeiting death.
But when ſhe perceiv'd his breath
Quite expir'd: the mournefull Girle,
To entombe the boy in Pearle,
Wept ſo long; till pittious *Iove*,
From the aſhes of this Love,
Made ten thouſand *Cupids* riſe,
But confin'd them to her eyes:
Where they yet, to ſhew they lacke
No due ſorrow, ſtill weare blacke.
But the blacks ſo glorious are
Which they mourne in, that the faire
Quires of ſtarres, look pale and fret,
Seeing themſelves out ſhin'd by jet.

To Fame.

Ly on thy ſwifteſt wing, ambitious Fame,
And ſpeake to the cold North *Caſtara's* name:
Which very breath will, like the Eaſt wind, bring
The temp'rate warmth, and muſicke of the Spring.
Then from the Articke to th' Antarticke Pole,
Haſte nimbly and inſpire a gentler ſoule,
By naming her, ith' torrid South; that he
May milde as *Zephirus* coole whiſpers be.
Nor let the Weſt where heaven already joynes,
The vaſteſt Empire, and the wealthieſt Mines:
Nor th' Eaſt in pleaſures wanton, her condemne,
For not diſtributing her gifts on them.

For ſhe with want would have her bounty meéte.
Loves noble charity is ſo diſcreete.

A Dialogue betweene Araphill *and* Caſtara.

Araph. DOſt not thou *Caſtara* read
Am'rous volumes in my eyes?
Doth not every motion plead
What I'de ſhew, and yet diſguiſe?
Sences act each others part.
Eyes, as tongues, reveale the heart.

Caſt. I ſaw love, as lightning breake
From thy eyes, and was content
Oft to heare thy ſilence ſpeake.
Silent love is eloquent.
So the ſence of learning heares,
The dumbe muſicke of the Spheares.

Araph. Then there's mercy in your kinde,
Liſtning to an unfain'd love,
Or ſtrives he to tame the wind,
Who would your compaſſion move?
No y'are pittious, as y're faire.
Heaven relents, o'recome by prayer.

Caſt. But looſe man too prodigall
Is in the expence of vowes;
And thinks to him kingdomes fall
When the heart of woman bowes:
Frailty to your armes may yeeld;
Who reſiſts you, wins the field.

Araph. Triumph not to ſee me bleede,
Let the Bore chafed[1] from his den,
On the wounds of mankinde feede.
Your ſoft ſexe ſhould pitty men.
Malice well may practiſe Art,
Love hath a tranſparent heart.

Caſt. Yet is love all one deceit,
A warme froſt, a frozen fire.

[1] chased. 1634, 1635.

She within her ſelfe is great,
Who is ſlave to no deſire.
Let youth act, and age adviſe,
And then love may finde his eyes.

Araph. *Hymens* torch yeelds a dim light,
When ambition joynes our hands.
A proud day, but mournefull night,
She ſuſtaines, who marries lands.
Wealth ſlaves man, but for their Ore,
Th' Indians had beene free, though poore.

Cast. And yet wealth the fuell is
Which maintaines the nuptiall fire,
And in honour there's a bliſſe.
Th' are immortall who aſpire.
But truth ſayes, no joyes are ſweete,
But where hearts united meete.

Araph. Roſes breath not ſuch a ſent,
To perfume the neighbr'ing groves;
As when you affirme content,
In no ſpheare of glory moves.
Glory narrow ſoules combines:
Noble hearts Love onely joynes.

To CASTARA,
Intending a journey into the Country.

WHy haſte you hence *Caſtara*? can the earth,
A glorious mother, in her flowry birth,
Shew Lillies like thy brow? Can ſhe diſcloſe
In emulation of thy cheeke, a Roſe,
Sweete as thy bluſh? Upon thy ſelfe then ſet
Iuſt value, and ſcorne it, thy counterfet.
The Spring's ſtill with thee; But perhaps the field,
Not warm'd with thy approach, wants force to yeeld,
Her tribute to the Plough; O rather let
Th' ingratefull earth for ever be in debt
To th' hope of ſweating induſtry, than we
Should ſtarve with cold, who have no heat but thee.
Nor feare the publike good. Thy eyes can give
A life to all, who can deſerve to live.

Vpon CASTARA's *departure.*

Am engag'd to ſorrow, and my heart
Feeles a diſtracted rage. Though you depart
And leave me to my feares; let love in ſpite
Of abſence, our divided ſoules unite.
But you muſt goe. The melancholy Doves
Draw *Venus* chariot hence. The ſportive Loves
Which wont to wanton here, hence with you flye,
And like falſe friends forſake me when I dye.
For but a walking tombe, what can he be;
Whoſe beſt of life is forc't to part with thee?

To CASTARA,
Vpon a trembling kiſſe at departure.

H' Arabian wind, whoſe breathing gently blows
Purple to th' Violet, bluſhes to the Roſe;
Did never yeeld an odour rich as this.
Why are you then ſo thrifty of a kiſſe,
Authoriz'd even by cuſtome? Why doth feare
So tremble on your lip, my lip being neare?
Thinke you I parting with ſo ſad a zeale,
Will act ſo blacke a miſchiefe, as to ſteale
Thy Roſes thence? And they, by this device,
Tranſplanted: ſomewhere elſe force Paradice?
Or elſe you feare, leſt you, ſhould my heart skip
Vp to my mouth, t' incounter with your lip,
Might rob me of it: and be judg'd in this,
T' have *Iudas* like betraid me with a kiſſe.

To CASTARA,
Looking backe at her departing.

Ooke backe *Caſtara.* From thy eye
Let yet more flaming arrowes flye.
To live, is thus to burne and dye.

For what might glorious hope deſire,
But that thy ſelfe, as I expire,
Should bring both death and funerall fire?

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

Obſequious duty, leaves his downy neſt,
And doth to thee harmonious tribute pay;
Expecting from thy eyes the breake of day.
From which the Owle is frighted, and doth rove
(As never having felt the warmth of love.)
In uncouth vaults, and the chill ſhades of night,
Nor biding the bright luſtre of thy ſight.
With him my fate agrees. Not viewing thee
I'me loſt in miſts, at beſt, but meteors ſee.

To THAMES.

SWift in thy watry chariot, courteous *Thames*,
Haſt by the happy error of thy ſtreames,
To kiſſe the banks of *Marlow*, which doth ſhow
Faire *Seymors*, and beyond that never flow.
Then ſummon all thy Swans, that who did give
Muſicke to death, may henceforth ſing, and live,
For my *Caſtara*. She can life reſtore,
Or quicken them who had no life before.
How ſhould the Poplar elſe the Pine provoke;
The ſtately Cedar challenge the rude Oke
To dance at ſight of her? They have no ſenſe
From nature given, but by her influence.
1 If *Orpheus* did thoſe ſenſleſſe creatures move,
He was a Prophet, and fore-ſang my love.

To the right honourable the Earle of SHREWES.[2]

MY Muſe (great Lord) when laſt you heard her ſing
Did to your Vncles Vrne, her off'rings bring:
And if to fame I may give faith, your eares
Delighted in the muſicke of her teares.
That was her debt to vertue. And when e're
She her bright head among the clouds ſhall reare
And adde to th' wondring heavens a new flame,

1 If *Orpheus* did those senslesse creatures stirre,
He was a Prophet, and fore-sang of her. 1634, 1635.

2 *To the Right Honourable my very good Lord*, IOHN *Earle of* S. 1634, 1635

Shee'le celebrate the Genius of your name.
Wilde with another rage, inſpir'd by love,
She charmes the Myrtles of the Idalian grove.
And while ſhe gives the Cyprian ſtormes a law,
Thoſe wanton Doves which *Cythereia* draw
Through th'am'rous ayre: Admire what power doth ſway
The Ocean, and arreſt them in their way.
She ſings *Caſtara* then. O ſhe more bright,
Than is the ſtarry Senate of the night;
Who in their motion did like ſtraglers erre,
Cauſe they deriv'd no influence from her,
Who's conſtant as ſhe's chaſte. The Sinne hath beene
Clad like a neighb'ring ſhepheard often ſeene
To hunt thoſe Dales, in hope then *Daphnes*, there
To ſee a brighter face. Th' Aſtrologer
In th' interim dyed, whoſe proud Art could not ſhow
Whence that Eccliſpe did on the ſudden grow.
A wanton Satyre eager in the chaſe
Of ſome faire Nimph, beheld *Caſtara's* face,
And left his looſe purſuite; who while he ey'd,
Vnchaſtely, ſuch a beauty, glorified
With ſuch a vertue; by heavens great commands
Turn'd marble, and there yet a Statute ſtands.
As Poet thus. But as a Christian now,
And by my zeale to you (my Lord) I vow,
She doth a flame ſo pure and ſacred move;
In me impiety 'twere not to love.

To CVPID.

Wiſhing a ſpeedy paſſage to CASTARA.

THankes *Cupid*, but the Coach of *Venus* moves
For me too ſlow, drawn but by lazie Doves.
I, leſt a journey my delay ſhould finde,
Will leape into the chariot of the winde.
Swift as the flight of lightning through the ayre,
Hee'le hurry me till I approach the faire
But unkinde *Seymors*. Thus he will proclaime,
What tribute winds owe to *Caſtara's* name.

Viewing this prodigie, aſtoniſht they,
Who firſt acceſſe deny'd me, will obey,
With feare what love commands: Yet cenſure me
As guilty of the blackeſt ſorcery.
But after to my wiſhes milder prove:
When they know this the miracle of love.

To CASTARA.

Of Love.

HOw fancie mockes me? By th' effect I prove,
'Twas am'rous folly, wings aſcrib'd to love,
And ore th' obedient elements command.
Hee's lame as he is blinde, for here I ſtand
Fixt as the earth. Throw then this Idoll downe
Yee lovers who firſt made it; which can frowne
Or ſmile but as you pleaſe. But I'me untame
In rage. *Caſtara* call thou[1] on his name,
And though hee'le not beare up my vowes to thee,
Hee'le triumph to bring downe my Saint to me.

To the Spring,

Vpon the uncertainty of CASTARA'S *abode.*

FAire Miſtreſſe of[2] the earth, with garlands crown'd
Riſe, by a lovers charme, from the parcht ground,
And ſhew thy flowry wealth: that ſhe, where ere
Her ſtarres ſhall guide her, meete thy beauties
Should ſhe to the cold Northerne climates goe, [there.
Force thy affrighted Lillies there to grow;
Thy Roſes in thoſe gelid fields t' appeare;
She abſent, I have all their Winter here.
Or if to the torrid Zone her way ſhe bend,
Her the coole breathing of *Favonius* lend,
Thither command the birds to bring their quires.
That Zone is temp'rate. I have all his fires.
Attend her, courteous Spring, though we ſhould here
Loſe by it all the treaſures of the yeere.

1 then. 1634. 2 to. 1634, 1635.

To Reaſon,

Vpon CASTARA'S *abſence.*

WIth your calme precepts goe, and lay a ſtorme,
In ſome breſt flegmaticke which would conforme
Her life to your cold lawes: In vain y' engage
Your ſelfe on me. I will obey my rage.
Shee's gone, and I am loſt. Some unknowne grove
I'le finde, whereby the miracle of Love
I'le turne t' a fountaine, and divide the yeere,
By numbring every moment with a teare.
Where if *Caſtara* (to avoyd the beames
Oth'neighb'ring Sun) ſhall wandring meete my ſtreames.
And taſting, hope her thirſt alaid ſhall be,
Shee'le feele a ſudden flame, and burne like me:
And thus diſtracted cry. Tell me thou cleere,
But treach'rous Fount, what lover's coffin'd here?

An[1] *anſwere to* CASTARA'S *queſtion.*

'Is I *Caſtara*, who when thou wert gone,
Did freeze into this melancholy ſtone,
To weepe the minutes of thy abſence. Where
Can greefe have freer ſcope to mourne than here?
The Larke here practiſeth a ſweeter ſtraine,
Aurora's early bluſh to entertaine,
And having too deepe taſted of theſe ſtreames,
He loves, and amorouſly courts her beames.
The courteous turtle with a wandring zeale,
Saw how to ſtone I did my ſelfe congeale,
And murm'ring askt what power this change did move,
The language of my waters whiſpered, Love.
And thus transform'd Ile ſtand, till I ſhall ſee,
That heart ſo ſton'd and frozen, thaw'd in thee.

1 *In.* 1634.

To CASTARA.
Vpon the diſguiſing his affection.

PRonounce me guilty of a Blacker crime,
Then e're in the large Volume writ by Time,
The ſad Hiſtorian reades, if not my Art
Diſſembles love, to veile an am'rous heart.
For when the zealous anger of my friend
Checkes my unuſuall ſadneſſe: I pretend
To ſtudy vertue, which indeede I doe,
He muſt court vertue who aſpires to you.
Or that ſome friend is dead and then a teare,
A ſigh or groane ſteales from me: for I feare
Leſt death with love hath ſtrooke my heart, and all
Theſe ſorrowes uſher but its funerall.
[1]Which ſhould revive, ſhould there you a mourner be,
And force a nuptiall in an obſequie.

To the honourable my honoured kinſman.
Mr. G. T.

THrice hath the pale-fac'd Empreſſe of the night,
Lent in her chaſte increaſe her borrowed light,
To guide the vowing Mariner: ſince mute
Talbot th'aſt beene, too ſlothfull to ſalute
Thy exil'd ſervant. Labour not t' excuſe
This dull neglect: Love never wants a Muſe.
When thunder ſummons from eternall ſleepe
Th' impriſon'd ghoſts, and ſpreads oth' frighted deepe,
A veile of darkneſſe; penitent to be
I may forget, yet ſtill remember thee,
Next to my faire, under whoſe eye-lids move,
In nimble meaſures beauty, wit, and love.
Nor thinke *Caſtara* (though the ſexe be fraile,
And ever like uncertaine veſſels ſaile
On th' ocean of their paſſions; while each wi
Triumphs to ſee their more uncertaine mind
Can be induc't to alter: Every ſtarre
May in its motion grow irregular;

[1] Which would revive, should you there mourner be.

The Sunne forget to yeeld his welcome flame
To th' teeming earth, yet ſhe remaine the ſame.
And in my armes (if Poets may divine)
I once that world of beauty ſhall intwine,
And on her lips print volumes of my love,
Without a froward checke, and ſweetly move
Ith' Labyrinth of delight. If not, Ile draw
Her picture on my heart, and gently thaw
With warmth of zeale, untill I heaven entreat,
To give true life to th' ayery counterfeit.

Eccho *to* Narciſſus.
In praiſe of CASTARA'S *diſcreete Love.*

SCorn'd in thy watry Vrne *Narciſſus* lye,
Thou ſhalt not force more tribute from my eye
T' increaſe thy ſtreames: or make me weepe a ſhowre,
To adde freſh beauty to thee, now a flowre.
But ſhould relenting heaven reſtore thee fence,
To ſee ſuch wiſedome temper innocence,
In faire *Caſtara's* love; how ſhe diſcreet,
Makes caution with a noble freedome meete,
At the ſame moment; thould'ſt confeſſe fond boy,
Fooles onely think them vertuous, who are coy.
And wonder not that I, who have no choyce
Of ſpeech, have prayſing her ſo free a voyce:
Heaven her ſevereſt ſentence doth repeale,
When to *Caſtara* I would ſpeake my zeale.

To CASTARA,
Being debarr'd her preſence.

BAniſht from you, I charg'd the nimble winde,
My unſeene Meſſenger, to ſpeake my minde,
In am'rous whiſpers to you. But my Muſe
Leſt the unruly ſpirit ſhould abuſe
The truſt repos'd in him, ſayd it was due
To her alone, to ſing my loves to you.
Heare her then ſpeake. Bright Lady, from whoſe eye

Shot lightning to his heart, who joyes to dye
A martyr in your flames: O let your love
Be great and firme as his: Then nought ſhall move
Your ſetled faiths, that both may grow together:
Or if by Fate divided, both may wither.
Hark! 'twas a groane. Ah how ſad abſence rends
His troubled thoughts! See, he from *Marlow* ſends
His eyes to *Seymors*. Then chides th' envious trees,
And unkinde diſtance. Yet his fancie ſees
And courts your beauty, joyes as he had cleav'd
Cloſe to you, and then weepes becauſe deceiv'd.
Be conſtant as y'are faire. For I fore-ſee
A glorious triumph waits o'th victorie
Your love will purchaſe, ſhewing us to prize
A true content. There onely Love hath eyes.

To Seymors,
The houſe in which CASTARA *lived.*

BLeſt Temple, haile, where the Chaſt Altar ſtands,
Which Nature built, but the exacter hands
Of Vertue poliſht. Though ſad Fate deny
My prophane feete acceſſe, my vowes ſhall flye.
May thoſe Muſitians, which divide the ayre
With their harmonious breath, their flight prepare,
For this glad place, and all their accents frame,
To teach the Eccho my *Caſtara's* name.
The beautious troopes of graces led by love
In chaſte attempts, poſſeſſe the neighb'ring grove
Where may the Spring dwell ſtill. May every tree
Turne to a Laurell, and propheticke be.
Which ſhall in its firſt Oracle divine,
That courteous Fate decree *Caſtara* mine.

To the Dew,
In hope to ſee CASTARA *walking.*

BRight Dew which doſt the field adorne
As th' earth to welcome in the morne,
Would hang a jewell on each corne.

Did not the pittious night, whoſe eares
Have oft beene conſcious of my feares,
Diſtill you from her eyes as teares?

Or that *Caſtara* for your zeale,
When ſhe her beauties ſhall reveale,
Might you to Dyamonds congeale?

If not your pity, yet how ere
Your care I praiſe, 'gainſt ſhe appeare,
To make the wealthy Indies here.

But ſee ſhe comes. Bright lampe oth' skie,
Put out thy light: the world ſhall ſpie,
A fairer Sunne in either eye.

And liquid Pearle, hang heavie now
On every graſſe that it may bow
In veneration of her brow.

Yet if the wind ſhould curious be,
And were I here, ſhould queſtion thee,
Hee's full of whiſpers, ſpeak not me.

But if the buſie tell-tale day,
Our happy enterview betray;
Leſt thou confeſſe too, melt away.

To CASTARA.

STay under the kinde ſhadow of this tree
Caſtara, and protect thy ſelfe and me [Kings,
From the Sunnes rayes. Which ſhew the grace of
A dangerous warmth with too much favour
How happy in this ſhade the humble Vine [brings.
Doth 'bout ſome taller tree her ſelfe intwine,
And ſo growes fruitefull; teaching us her fate
Doth beare more ſweetes, though Cedars beare more ſtate:
Behold *Adonis* in yand' purple flowre,
T'was *Venus* love: That dew, the briny ſhowre,
His coyneſſe wept, while ſtrugling yet alive:
Now he repents, and gladly would revive,
By th' vertue of your chaſte and powerfull charmes,
To play the modeſt wanton in your armes.

To CASTARA,

Ventring to walke too farre in the neighbouring wood.

DAre not too farre *Caſtara*, for the ſhade
This courteous thicket yeelds, hath man betray'd
A prey to wolves: to the wilde powers oth' wood,
Oft travellers pay tribute with their blood.
If careleſſe of thy ſelfe of me take care,
For like a ſhip where all the fortunes are
Of an advent'rous merchant; I muſt be,
If thou ſhould'ſt periſh banquerout in thee.
My feares have mockt me. Tygers when they ſhall
Behold ſo bright a face, will humbly fall
In adoration of thee. Fierce they are
To the deform'd, obſequious to the faire.
Yet venter not; tis nobler farre to ſway
The heart of man, than beaſts, who man obey.

Vpon CASTARA'S *departure.*

AVowes are vaine. No ſuppliant breath
Stayes the ſpeed of ſwift-heel'd death.
Life with her is gone and I
Learne but a new way to dye.
See the flowers condole, and all
Wither in my funerall.
The bright Lilly, as if day,
Parted with her, fades away.
Violets hang their heads, and loſe
All their beauty. That the Roſe
A ſad part in ſorrow beares,
Witneſſe all thoſe dewy teares,
Which as Pearle, or Dyamond like,
Swell upon her bluſhing cheeke.
All things mourne, but oh behold

How the wither'd Marigold
Cloſeth up now ſhe is gone,
Iudging her the ſetting Sunne.

A Dialogue betweene Night *and* Araphil.

Night. LEt ſilence cloſe my troubled eyes,
Thy feare in *Lethe* ſteepe:
The ſtarres bright cent'nels of the skies,
Watch to ſecure thy ſleepe.

Araph. The Norths unruly ſpirit lay
In the diſorder'd Seas:
Make the rude Winter calme as *May*,
And give a lover eaſe.

Night. Yet why ſhould feare with her pale charmes,
Bewitch thee ſo to griefe?
Since it prevents n' inſuing harmes,
Nor yeelds the paſt reliefe.

Araph. And yet ſuch horror I ſuſtaine
As the ſad veſſell, when
Rough tempeſts have incenſt the Maine,
Her Harbor now in ken.

Night. No conqueſt weares a glorious wreath
Which dangers not obtaine:
Let tempeſts 'gainſt thee ſhipwracke breathe,
Thou ſhalt thy harbour gaine.

Araph. Truths *Delphos* doth not ſtill foretell,
Though *Sol* th' inſpirer be.
How then ſhould night as blind as hell,
Enſuing truths fore-ſee?

Night. The Sunne yeelds man no conſtant flame.
One light thoſe Prieſts inſpires.
While I though blacke am ſtill the ſame,
And have ten thouſand fires.

Araph. But thoſe, ſayes my propheticke feare,
As funerall torches burne;
While thou thy ſelfe the blackes doſt weare,
T' attend me to my Vrne.

Night. Thy feares abuſe thee, for thoſe lights
In *Hymens* Church ſhall ſhine,
When he by th' myſtery of his rites,
Shall make *Caſtara* thine.

To the Right Honourable, the Lady, E. P.

Our judgement's cleere, not wrinckled with the Time,
On th' humble fate: which cenſures it a crime,
To be by vertue ruin'd. For I know
Y'are not ſo various as to ebbe and flow
Ith' ſtreame of fortune, whom each faithleſſe winde
Diſtracts, and they who made her, fram'd her blinde.
Poſſeſſion makes us poore. Should we obtaine
All thoſe bright jems, for which ith' wealthy Maine,
The tann'd ſlave dives; or in one boundleſſe cheſt
Impriſon all the treaſures of the Weſt,
We ſtill ſhould want. Our better part's immence,
Not like th' inferiour, limited by ſence.
Rich with a little, mutuall love can lift
Vs to a greatneſſe, whether chance or thrift
E're rais'd her ſervants. For though all were ſpent,
That can create an *Europe* in content.
Thus (Madam) when *Caſtara* lends an eare
Soft to my hope, I Loves Philoſopher,
Winne on her faith. For when I wondring ſtand
At th' intermingled beauty of her hand,
(Higher I dare not gaze) to this bright veine
I not aſcribe the blood of *Charlemaine*
Deriv'd by you to her. Or ſay there are
In that and th'other *Marmion*, *Roſſe*, and *Parr*
Fitzhugh, *Saint Quintin*, and the reſt of them
That adde ſuch luſtre to great *Pembrokes* ſtem.

My love is envious. Would *Caſtara* were
The daughter of ſome mountaine cottager,
Who with his toile worne out, could dying leave
Her no more dowre, than what ſhe did receive
From bounteous nature. Her would I then lead
To th' Temple, rich in her owne wealth; her head
Crown'd with her haires faire treaſure; diamonds in
Her brighter eyes; ſoft Ermines in her skin;
Each Indie in each cheeke. Then all who vaunt,
That fortune, them t' enrich, made others want,
Should ſet themſelves out glorious in her ſtealth,
And trie if that, could parallel this wealth.

To CASTARA.

Departing upon the approach of Night.

WHat ſhould we feare *Caſtara*? The coole aire,
That's ſalne in love, and wanton in thy haire,
Will not betray our whiſpers. Should I ſteale
A Nectar'd kiſſe, the wind dares not reveale
The pleaſure I poſſeſſe. The wind conſpires
To our bleſt interview, and in our fires
Bath's like a Salamander, and doth ſip,
Like *Bacchus* from the grape, life from thy lip.
Nor thinke of nights approach. The worlds great eye
Though breaking Natures law, will us ſupply
With his ſtill flaming lampe: and to obey
Our chaſte deſires, fix here perpetuall day.
But ſhould he ſet, what rebell night dares riſe,
To be ſubdu'd ith' victʼry of thy eyes?

An Apparition.

MOre welcome my *Caſtara*, then was light
To the diſordered Chaos. O what bright
And nimble chariot brought thee through the aire?
While the amazed ſtars to ſee ſo faire.

And pure a beauty from the earth ariſe,
Chang'd all their glorious bodies into eyes.
O let my zealous lip print on thy hand
The ſtory of my love, which there ſhall ſtand
A bright inſcription to be read by none,
But who as I love thee, and love but one.
Why vaniſh you away? Or is my ſenſe
Deluded by my hope? O ſweete offence
Of erring nature! And would heaven this had
Beene true; or that I thus were ever mad.

[1]*To the Honourable Mr.* Wm. E.

HEe who is good is happy. Let the loude
Artillery of Heaven breake through a cloude
And dart its thunder at him; hee'le remaine
Vnmov'd, and nobler comfort entertaine
In welcomming th' approach of death; then vice
Ere found in her fictitious Paradiſe.
Time mocks our youth, and (while we number paſt
Delights, and raiſe our appetite to taſte
Enſuing) brings us to unflattered age.
Where we are left to ſatisfie the rage
Of threatning Death: Pompe, beauty, wealth, and all
Our friendſhips, ſhrinking from the funerall.
The thought of this begets that brave diſdaine
With which thou view'ſt the world and makes thoſe vaine
Treaſures of fancy, ſerious fooles ſo court,
And ſweat to purchaſe, thy contempt or ſport.
What ſhould we covet here? Why interpoſe
A cloud twixt us and heaven? Kind Nature choſe
Mans ſoule th' Exchecquer where ſhe'd hoord her wealth,
And lodge all her rich ſecrets; but by th' ſtealth
Of our owne vanity, w'are left ſo poore,
The creature meerely ſenſuall knowes more.
The learn'd *Halcyon* by her wiſedome finds
A gentle ſeaſon, when the ſeas and winds

1 *To the Honourable my most honoured friend,* Wm. E. *Esquire.* 1635.

Are ſilenc't by a calme, and then brings forth
The happy miracle of her rare birth,
Leaving with wonder all our arts poſſeſt,
That view the architecture of her neſt.
Pride raiſeth us 'bove juſtice. We beſtowe
Increaſe of knowledge on old minds, which grow
By age to dotage: while the ſenſitive
Part of the World in it's firſt ſtrength doth live.
Folly? what doſt thou in thy power containe
Deſerves our ſtudy? Merchants plough the maine
And bring home th' Indies, yet aſpire to more,
By avarice in the poſſeſſion poore.
And yet that Idoll wealth we all admit
Into the foules great temple. Buſie wit
Invents new Orgies, fancy frames new rites
To ſhow it's ſuperſtition, anxious nights
Are watcht to win its favour: while the beaſt
Content with Natures courteſie doth reſt.
Let man then boaſt no more a ſoule, ſince he
Hath loſt that great prerogative. But thee
(Whom Fortune hath exempted from the heard
Of vulgar men, whom vertue hath prefer'd
Farre higher than thy birth) I muſt commend,
Rich in the purchaſe of ſo ſweete a friend.
And though my fate conducts me to the ſhade
Of humble quiet, my ambition payde
With ſafe content, while a pure Virgin fame
Doth raiſe me trophies in *Caſtara's* name.
No thought of glory ſwelling me above
The hope of being famed for vertuous love.
Yet wiſh I thee, guided by the better ſtarres
To purchaſe unſafe honour in the warres
Or envied ſmiles at court; for thy great race,
And merits, well may challenge th' higheſt place.
Yet know, what buſie path ſo-ere you tread
To greatneſſe, you muſt ſleepe among the dead.

To CASTARA,

The vanity of Avarice.

Arke? how the traytor wind doth court
The Saylors to the maine;
To make their avarice his ſport?
A tempeſt checks the fond diſdaine,
They beare a ſafe though humble port.

Wee'le ſit my love upon the ſhore,
And while proud billowes riſe
To warre againſt the skie, ſpeake ore
Our Loves ſo ſacred miſteries.
And charme the Sea to th' calme it had before.

Where's now my pride t' extend my fame
Where ever ſtatues are?
And purchaſe glory to my name
In the ſmooth court or rugged warre?
My love hath layd the Devill, I am tame.

I'de rather like the violet grow
Vnmarkt i'th ſhaded vale,
Then on the hill thoſe terrors know
Are breath'd forth by an angry gale,
There is more pompe above, more ſweete below.

Love, thou divine Philoſopher
(While covetous Landlords rent,
And Courtiers dignity preferre)
Inſtructs us to a ſweete content,
Greatneſſe it ſelfe, doth in it ſelfe interre.

Caſtara, what is there above
The treaſures we poſſeſſe?
We two are all and one, wee move
Like ſtarres in th' orbe of happineſſe.
All bleſſings are Epitomiz'd in Love.

To my [moſt] honoured Friend and Kinſman, R. St., *Eſquire.*

IT ſhall not grieve me (friend) though what I write
Be held no wit at Court. If I delight
So farre my ſullen Genius, as to raiſe
It pleaſure; I have money, wine, and bayes
Enough to crowne me Poet. Let thoſe wits,
Who teach their Muſe the art of Paraſits
To win on eaſie greatneſſe; or the yongue
Spruce Lawyer who's all impudence and tongue
Sweat to divulge their fames: thereby the one
Gets fees; the other hyre, I'me beſt vnknowne:
Sweet ſilence I embrace thee, and thee Fate
Which didſt my birth ſo wiſely moderate;
That I by want am neither vilified,
Nor yet by riches flatter'd into pride.
Reſolve me friend (for it muſt folly be
Or elſe revenge 'gainſt niggard Deſtinie,
That makes ſome Poets raile?) Why are their times
So ſteept in gall? Why ſo obrayde the times?
As if no ſin call'd downe heav'ns vengeance more
Then cauſe the world leaves ſome few writers poore?
Tis true, that *Chapmans* reverend aſhes muſt
Lye rudely mingled with the vulgar duſt,
Cauſe carefull heyers the wealthy onely have;
To build a glorious trouble o're the grave.
Yet doe I not deſpaire, ſome one may be
So ſerioufly devout to Poeſie
As to tranſlate his reliques, and finde roome
In the warme Church, to build him up a tombe.
Since *Spencer* hath a Stone; and *Draytons* browes
Stand petrified ith' wall, with Laurell bowes
Yet girt about; and nigh wife *Henries* herſe,
Old *Chaucer* got a Marble for his verſe.
So courteous is Death; Death Poets brings
So high a pompe, to lodge them with their Kings:
Yet ſtill they mutiny. If this man pleaſe
His ſilly Patron with Hyperboles.

Or moſt myſterious non-ſence, give his braine
But the ſtrapado in ſome wanton ſtraine;
Hee'le ſweare the State lookes not on men of parts
And, if but mention'd, ſlight all other Arts.
Vaine oſtentation! Let us ſet ſo juſt
A rate on knowledge, that the world may truſt
The Poets Sentence, and not ſtill aver
Each Art is to it ſelfe a flatterer.
I write to you Sir on this theame, becauſe
Your ſoule is cleare, and you obſerve the lawes,
Of Poeſie ſo juſtly, that I chuſe
Yours onely the example to my muſe.
And till my browner haire be mixt with gray
Without a bluſh, Ile tread the ſportive way,
My Muſe direct; A Poet youth may be,
But age doth dote without Phiſoſophie.

To the World.
The Perfection of Love.

YOu who are earth, and cannot riſe
Above your ſence,
Boaſting the envyed wealth which lyes
Bright in your Miſtris lips or eyes,
Betray a pittyed eloquence.

That which doth joyne our ſoules, ſo light
And quicke doth move.
That like the Eagle in his flight,
It doth tranſcend all humane ſight,
Loſt in the element of Love.

You Poets reach not this, who ſing
The praiſe of duſt
But kneaded, when by theft you bring
The roſe and Lilly from the Spring
T' adorne the wrinckled face of luſt.

When we ſpeake Love, nor art, nor wit
We gloſſe vpon:
Our ſoules engender, and beget
Idaas, which you counterfeit
In your dull progagation.

While Time, ſeven ages ſhall diſperſe,
Wee'le talke of Love,
And when our tongues hold no commerſe.
Our thoughts ſhall mutually converſe.
And yet the blood no rebell prove.

And though we be of ſeverall kind
Fit for offence:
Yet are we ſo by Love refin'd,
From impure droſſe we are all mind.
Death could not more have conquer'd ſence.

How ſuddenly thoſe flames expire
Which ſcorch our clay?
Prometheas-like when we ſteale fire
From heaven 'tis endleſſe and intire
It may know age, but not decay.

To the Winter.

WHy doſt thou looke ſo pale, decrepit man?
Why doe thy cheeks curle like the Ocean,
Into ſuch furrowes? Why doſt thou appeare
So ſhaking, like an ague to the yeare?
The Sunne is gone. But yet *Caſtara* ſtayes,
And will adde ſtature to thy Pigmy dayes,
Warme moyſture to thy veynes: her ſmile can bring
Thee the ſweet youth, and beauty of the Spring.
Hence with thy palſie then, and on thy head
Weare flowrie chaplets as a bridegroome led
To th' holy Fane. Baniſh thy aged ruth,
That Virgins may admire and court thy youth.
And the approaching Sunne when ſhe ſhall finde
A Spring without him, fall, ſince ufeleſſe, blinde.

Vpon a viſit to CASTARA *in the Night.*

'TWas Night: when *Phœbe* guided by thy rayes,
Chaſte as my zeale, with incence of her praiſe,
I humbly crept to my *Caſtara's* ſhrine.
But oh my fond miſtake! for there did ſhine

A noone of beauty, with ſuch luſtre crown'd,
As ſhewd 'mong th' impious onely night is found.
It was her eyes which like two Diamonds ſhin'd,
Brighteſt ith' dark. Like which could th' Indian find,
But one among his rocks, he would out vie
In brightneſſe all the Diamonds of the Skie.
But when her lips did ope, the Phœnix neſt
Breath'd forth her odours; where might *Iove* once feaſt,
Hee'd loath his heauenly ſurfets: if we dare
Affirme, *Iove* hath a heaven without my faire.

To CASTARA,

Of the chaſtity of his Love.

WHy would you bluſh *Caſtara*, when the name
Of love you heare? Who never felt his flame,
Ith' ſhade of melancholly night doth ſtray,
A blind Cymmerian baniſht from the day.
Let's chaſtly love *Caſtara*, and not ſoyle
This Virgin lampe, by powring in the oyle
Of impure thoughts. O let us ſympathize,
And onely talke ith' language of our eyes,
Like two ſtarres in conjunction. But beware
Leſt th' Angels who of love compacted are,
Viewing how chaſtly burnes thy zealous fire,
Should ſnatch thee hence, to joyne thee to their quire.
Yet take thy flight: on earth for ſurely we
So joyn'd, in heaven cannot divided be.

The Deſcription of CASTARA.

LIke the Violet which alone
Proſpers in ſome happy ſhade;
My *Caſtara* lives vnknowne,
To no looſer eye betray'd.
For ſhee's to her ſelfe untrue,
Who delights ith' publicke view.

Such is her beauty, as no arts
Have enricht with borrowed grace.
Her high birth no pride imparts,
For ſhe bluſhes in her place.
Folly boaſts a glorious blood,
She is nobleſt being good.

Cautious ſhe knew never yet
What a wanton courtſhip meant:
Not ſpeaks loud to boaſt her wit,
In her ſilence eloquent.
Of her ſelfe ſurvey ſhe takes,
But 'tweene men no difference makes.

She obeyes with ſpeedy will
Her grave Parents wiſe commands.
And ſo innocent, that ill,
She nor acts, nor underſtands.
Womens feete runne ſtill aſtray.
If once to ill they know the way.

She ſailes by that rocke, the Court,
Where oft honour ſplits her maſt:
And retir'dneſſe thinks the port,
Where her fame may anchor caſt.
Vertue ſafely cannot fit,
Where vice is enthron'd for wit.

She holds that dayes pleaſure beſt,
Where ſinne waits not on delight.
Without maske, or ball, or feaſt,
Sweetly ſpends a winters night.
O're that darkneſſe, whence is thruſt,
Prayer and ſleepe oft governs luſt.

She her throne makes reaſon climbe,
While wild paſſions captive lie.
And each article of time,
Her pure thoughts to heaven flie:
All her vowes religious be,
And her love ſhe vowes to me.

FINIS.

CASTARA

The Second part.

Vatumque laſcivos triumphos,
Calcat Amor, pede conjugali.

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neare *Furnivals-Inne* Gate
in *Holborne.* 1639.

A Wife.

IS the ſweeteſt part in the harmony of our being. To the love of which, as the charmes of Nature inchant us, ſo the law of grace by ſpeciall priviledge invites us. Without her, Man if piety not reſtraine him; is the creator of ſinne; or, if an innated cold render him not onely the buſineſſe of the preſent age; the murderer of poſterity. She is ſo religious that every day crownes her a martyr, and her zeale neither rebellious nor uncivill. Shee is ſo true a friend, her Husband may to her communicate even his ambitions, and if ſucceſſe Crowne not expectation, remaine neverthelesſe uncontemned. Shee is colleague with him in the Empire of proſperity; and a ſafe retyring place when adverſity exiles him from the World. She is ſo chaſte, ſhe never underſtood the language luſt ſpeakes in, nor with a ſmile applaudes it, although there appeare wit in the Metaphore. Shee is faire onely to winne on his affections, nor would ſhe be Miſtris of the moſt eloquent beauty; if there were danger, that might perſwade the paſſionate auditory, to the leaſt irregular thought. Shee is noble by a long deſcent, but her memory is ſo evill a herald, ſhee never boaſts the ſtory of her Anceſtors. Shee is ſo moderately rich, that the defect of portion doth neither bring penury to his eſtate, nor the ſuperfluity licence her to Riot. Shee is liberall, and yet owes not ruine to vanity, but knowes Charity, to be the

ſoule of goodneſſe, and Vertue without reward often prone to bee her own deſtroyer. Shee is much at home, and when ſhe viſites 'tis for mutuall commerce, not for intelligence. Shee can goe to Court, and returne no paſſionate doater on bravery; and when ſhee hath ſeene the gay things muſter up themſelves there, ſhe conſiders them as Cobwebs the Spider vanity hath ſpunne. Shee is ſo generall in her acquaintance, that ſhee is familiar with all whom fame ſpeakes vertuous; but thinkes there can bee no friendſhip but with one; and therefore hath neither ſhee friend nor private ſervant. Shee ſo ſquares her paſſion to her Husbands fortunes, that in the Countrey ſhee lives without a froward Melancholly, in the towne without a fantaſtique pride. She is ſo temperate, ſhe never read the modern pollicie of glorious furfeits; ſince ſhe finds Nature is no Epicure if art provoke her not by curioſitie. Shee is inquiſitive onely of new wayes to pleaſe him, and her wit fayles by no other compaſſe then that of his direction. Shee lookes upon him as Conjurers vpon the Circle, beyond which there is nothing but Death and Hell; and in him ſhee beleeves Paradice circumſcrib'd. His vertues are her wonder and imitation; and his errors, her credulitie thinkes no more frailtie, then makes him deſcend to the title of Man. In a word, ſhee ſo lives that ſhe may dye; and leave no cloude upon her Memory, but have her character nobly mentioned: while the bad Wife is flattered into infamy, and buyes pleaſure at too[1] *deare a rate, if ſhee onely payes for it Repentance.*

1 *so.* 1635.

The Second Part.

To CASTARA,
Now poſſeſt of her in marriage.

THis day is ours. The marriage Angell now
Sees th' Altar in the odour of our vow,
Yeeld a more precious breath, then that which moves
The whiſpring leaves in the *Panchayan* groves.
View how his temples ſhine, on which he weares
A wreath of pearle, made of thoſe precious teares
Thou wepſt a Virgin, when croſſe winds did blow,
Our hopes diſturbing in their quiet flow.
But now *Caſtara* ſmile, No envious night
Dares enterpoſe it ſelfe, t'ecclipſe the light
Of our cleare joyes. For even the lawes divine
Permit our mutuall love[1] ſo to entwine,
That Kings, to ballance true content, ſhall ſay;
Would they were great as we, we bleſt as they,

To CASTARA,
Vpon the mutuall love of their Majeſties.

DId you not ſee, *Caſtara*, when the King
Met his lov'd Queene; what ſweetneſſe ſhe did bring
T' incounter his brave heat; how great a flame
From their breſts meeting, on the ſudden came?
The Stoike, who all eaſie paſſion flies,
Could he but heare the language of their eyes,
As hereſies would from his faith remove
The tenets of his ſect, and practiſe love.
The barb'rous nations which ſupply the earth
With a promiſcuous and ignoble birth,

[1] loves. 1634.

Would by his precedent correct their life,
Each wiſely chuſe, and chaſtely love a wife.
[1]Princes example is a law. Then we
If loyall ſubjects, muſt true lovers be.

To Zephirus.

Hoſe whiſpers ſoft as thoſe which lovers breath
Caſtara and my ſelfe I here bequeath
To the calme wind. For heaven ſuch joyes afford
To her and me, that there can be no third.
And you kinde ſtarres, be thriftier of your light:
Her eyes ſupply your office with more bright
And conſtant luſtre. Angels guardians, like
The nimbler ſhip boyes ſhall be joy'd to ſtrike
Or hoiſh up ſaile; Nor ſhall our veſſell move
By Card or Compaſſe, but a heavenly love.
The courteſie of this more proſperous gale
Shall ſwell our Canvas, and wee'le ſwiftly ſaile
To ſome bleſt Port, where ſhip hath never lane
At anchor, whoſe chaſte ſoule no foot prophane
Hath ever trod; Where nature doth diſpence
Her infant wealth, a beautious innocence.
Pompe (even a burthen to it ſelfe) nor Pride,
(The Magiſtrate of ſinnes) did e're abide
On that ſo ſacred earth. Ambition ne're,
Built for the ſport of ruine, fabrickes there.
Thence age and death are exil'd, all offence
And feare expell'd, all noyſe and faction thence.
A ſilence there ſo melancholly ſweet,
That none but whiſpring Turtles ever meet.
Thus Paradiſe did our firſt Parents wooe,
To harmeleſſe ſweets, at firſt poſſeſt by two.
And o're this ſecond, wee'le uſurpe the throne;
Caſtara, wee'le obey and rule alone.
For the rich vertue of this ſoyle I feare,
Would be depraved, ſhould but a third be there.

[1] Princes examples are a law. Then we. 1634.

To CASTARA
in a Trance.

Orſake me not ſo ſoone. *Caſtara* ſtay,
And as I breake the priſon of my clay,
Ile fill the Canvas with m'expiring breath,
And with thee ſaile o're the vaſt maine of [death.
Some Cherubin thus as we paſſe ſhall play.
Goe happy twins of love; The courteous Sea
Shall ſmooth her wrinkled brow: the winds ſhal ſleep,
Or onely whiſper muſicke to the deepe.
Every ungentle rocke ſhall melt away,
The Syrens ſing to pleaſe, not to betray.
Th' indulgent skie ſhall ſmile: each ſtarry quire
Contend, which ſhall afford the brighter fire.
While Love the Pilot, ſteeres his courſe ſo even,
Ne're to caſt anchor till we reach at Heaven.

To DEATH.
CASTARA *being ſicke.*

Ence prophane grim man, nor dare
To approach ſo neere my faire.
Marble vaults, and gloomy caves,
Church-yards, Charnell houſes, graves,
Where the living loath to be,
Heaven hath deſign'd to thee.
But it needs 'mongſt us thou'lt rage,
Let thy fury feed on age.
Wrinckled browes, and withered thighs,
May ſupply thy ſacrifice.
Yet perhaps as thou flew'ſt by,
A flamed dart ſhot from her eye,
Sing'd thy wings with wanton fire,
Whence th' art forc't to hover nigh her.
If Love ſo miſtooke his aime,

Gently welcome in the flame:
They who loath'd thee, when they ſee
Where thou harbor'ſt, will love thee.
Onely I, ſuch is my fate,
Muſt thee as a rivall hate,
Court her gently, learne to prove,
Nimble in the thefts of love.
Gaze on th'.errors of her haire:
Touch her lip; but oh beware,
Leſt too ravenous of thy bliſſe,
Thou ſhouldſt murder with a kiſſe.

To CASTARA.

Inviting her to ſleepe.

SLeepe my *Caſtara*, ſilence doth invite
Thy eyes to cloſe up day; though envious night
Grieves Fate ſhould her the ſight of them debarre,
For ſhe is exil'd, while they open are.
Reſt in thy peace ſecure. With drowſie charmes,
Kinde ſleepe bewitcheth thee into her armes;
And finding where Loves chiefeſt treaſure lies,
Is like a theefe ſtole under thy bright eyes.
Thy innocence rich as the gaudy quilt
Wrought by the Perſian hand, thy dreames from guilt
Exempted, heaven with ſweete repoſe doth crowne
Each vertue, ſofter then the Swans fam'd downe.
As exorciſts wild ſpirits mildly lay,
May ſleepe thy fever calmely chaſe away.

Upon CASTARA'S *recoverie.*

SHe is reſtor'd to life. Vnthrifty Death,
Thy mercie in permitting vitall breath
Backe to *Caſtara*, hath enlarg'd us all,
Whome griefe had martyr'd in her funerall.
While others in the ocean of their teares,

Had ſinking, wounded the beholders eares,
With exclamations: I without a grone,
Had ſuddenly congeal'd into a ſtone:
There ſtood a ſtatue, till the generall doome;
Had ruin'd time and memory with her tombe.
While in my heart, which marble, yet ſtill bled,
Each Lover might this Epitaph have read.
"Her earth lyes here below; her ſoul's above,
"This wonder ſpeakes her vertue, and my love."

To a Friend,
Inviting him to a meeting upon promiſe.

MAy you drinke beare, or that adult'rate wine
Which makes the zeale of *Amſterdam* divine;
If you make breach of promiſe. I have now
So rich a Sacke, that even your ſelfe will bow
T' adore my *Genius*. Of this wine ſhould *Prynne*
Drinke but a plenteous glaſſe, he would beginne
A health to *Shakeſpeares* ghoſt, But you may bring
Some excuſe forth, and anſwer me, the King
To day will give you audience, or that on
Affaires of ſtate, you and ſome ſerious Don
Are to reſolve; or elſe perhaps you'le ſin
So farre, as to leave word y'ar not within.
The leaſt of theſe, will make me only thinke
Him ſubtle, who can in his cloſet drinke
Drunke even alone, and thus made wiſe create
As dangerous plots as the Low Countrey ſtate,
Projecting for ſuch baits, as ſhall draw ore
To *Holland*, all the herrings from our ſhore.
But y'are too full of candour: and I know
Will ſooner ſtones at *Sals'burg* caſements throw,
Or buy up for the ſilenc'd Levits, all
The rich impropriations, then let pall
So pure Canary, and breake ſuch an oath:
Since charity is ſinn'd againſt in both.

Come therefore bleſt even in the Lollards zeale,
Who canſt with conſcience ſafe, 'fore hen and veale
Say grace in Latine; while I faintly ſing
A Penitential verſe in oyle and Ling.
Come then, and bring with you prepar'd for fight,
Vnmixt Canary, Heaven ſend both prove right!
This I am ſure: My ſacke will diſingage
All humane thoughts, inſpire ſo high a rage,
That *Hypocrene* ſhall henceforth Poets lacke,
Since more Enthuſiaſmes are in my ſacke.
Heightned with which, my raptures ſhall commend,
How good *Caſtara* is, how deare my friend.

To CASTARA.

Where true happineſſe abides.

Aſtara whiſper in ſome deads mans eare,
This ſubtill *quære*; and hee'le point out where,
By anſwers negatiue, true joyes abide.
Hee'le ſay they flow not on th' uncertaine tide
Of greatneſſe, they can no firme baſis have,
Vpon the trepidation of a wave.
Nor lurke they in the caverns of the earth,
Whence all the wealthy minerals draw their birth,
To covetous man ſo fatall. Nor ith' grace
Love they to wanton of a brighter face,
For th'are above Times battery; and the light
Of beauty, ages cloud will ſoone be night.
If among theſe Content, he thus doth prove,
Hath no abode; where dwels it but in Love?

To CASTARA.

Orſake with me the earth, my faire,
And travell nimbly through the aire,
Till we have reacht th' admiring skies;
Then lend ſight to thoſe heavenly eyes
Which blind themſelves, make creatures ſee.
And taking view of all, when we

Shall finde a pure and glorious ſpheare;
Wee'le fix like ſtarres for ever there.
Nor will we ſtill each other view,
Wee'le gaze on leſſer ſtarres then you;
See how by their weake influence they,
The ſtrongeſt of mens actions ſway.
In an inferiour orbe below,
Wee'le ſee *Caliſto* looſely throw
Her haire abroad: as ſhe did weare,
The ſelf-ſame beauty in a Beare,
As when ſhe a cold Virgin ſtood,
And yet inflam'd *Ioves* luſtfull blood.
Then looke on *Lede*, whoſe faire beames
By their reflection guild thoſe ſtreames,
Where firſt unhappy ſhe began
To play the wanton with a Swan.
If each of theſe looſe beauties are
Transform'd to a more beauteous ſtarre
By the adult'rous luſt of *Iove*;
Why ſhould not we, by purer love?

To CASTARA,
Vpon the death of a Lady.

Caſtara weepe not, though her tombe appeare,
Sometime thy griefe to anſwer with a teare:
The marble will but wanton with thy woe.
Death is the Sea, and we like Rivers flow
To loſe our ſelves in the inſatiate Maine,
Whence Rivers may, ſhe[1] ne're returne againe.
Nor grieve this Chriſtall ſtreame ſo ſoone did fall
Into the Ocean; ſince ſhe perfum'd all
The banks ſhe paſt, ſo that each neighbour field
Did ſweete flowers cheriſh by her watring, yeeld.
Which now adorne her Hearſe. The violet there
On her pale cheeke doth the ſad livery weare,
Which heavens compaſſion gave her; And ſince ſhe
Cauſe cloath'd in purple can no mourner be,
As incenſe to the tombe ſhe gives her breath,

[1] we. 1634.

And fading, on her Lady waits in death.
Such office the Ægyptian handmaids did
Great *Cleopatra*, when ſhe dying chid
The Aſps ſlow venome, trembling ſhe ſhould be
By Fate rob'd even of that blacke victory.
The flowers inſtruct our ſorrowes. Come then all
Ye beauties, to true beauties funerall,
And with her, to increaſe deaths pompe, decay.
Since the ſupporting fabricke of your clay
Is falne, how can ye ſtand? How can the night
Shew ſtars, when Fate puts out the dayes great light?
But 'mong the faire, if there live any yet,
She's but the fairer *Digbies* counterfeit.
Come you who ſpeake your titles. Reade in this
Pale booke, how vaine a boaſt your greatneſſe is.
What's honour but a hatchment? what is here
Of *Percy* left, and *Stanly*, names moſt deare
To vertue? but a creſcent turn'd to th' wane,
An Eagle groaning o're an infant ſlaine?
Or what availes her, that ſhe once was led,
A glorious bride to valiant *Digbies* bed,
Since death hath them divorc'd? If then alive
There are, who theſe ſad obſequies ſurvive
And vaunt a proud deſcent, they onely be
Loud heralds to ſet forth her pedigree.
Come all who glory in your wealth, and view
The embleme of your frailty. How untrue
(Though flattering like friends) your treaſures are,
Her Fate hath taught[1]: who, when what ever rare
The either Indies boaſt, lay richly ſpread
For her to weare, lay on her pillow dead.
Come likewiſe my *Caſtara* and behold,
What bleſſings ancient propheſie foretold,
Beſtow'd on her in death. She paſt away
So ſweetely from the world, as if her clay
Laid onely downe to ſlumber. Then forbeare
To let on her bleſt aſhes fall a teare.
But if th' art too much woman, ſoftly weepe,
Leſt griefe diſturbe the ſilence of her ſleepe.

[1] Her Fate hath taught you: who, when what ever rare. 1634, 1635.

To CASTARA,
Being to take a journey.

WHat's death more than departure; the dead go
Like travelling exiles, compell'd to know
Thoſe regions they heard mention of: Tis th' art
Of forrowes, ſayes, who dye doe but depart.
Then weepe thy funerall teares: which heaven t'adorne
The beauteous treſſes of the weeping morne,
Will rob me of: and thus my tombe ſhall be
As naked, as it had no obſequie.
Know in theſe lines, ſad muſicke to thy eare,
My ſad *Caſtara*, you the ſermon here
Which I preach o're my hearſe: And dead, I tell
My owne lives ſtory, ring but my owne knell.
But when I ſhall returne, know 'tis thy breath
In ſighes divided, reſcues me from death.

To CASTARA,
Weeping.

Caſtara! O you are too prodigall
Oth' treaſure of your teares; which thus let fall
Make no returne: well plac'd calme peace might bring
To the loud wars, each free a captiv'd King.
So the unskilfull Indian thoſe bright jems,
Which might adde majeſtie to Diadems,
'Mong the waves ſcatters, as if he would ſtore
The thankleſſe Sea, to make our Empire poore.
When heaven darts thunder at the wombe of Time,
Cauſe with each moment it brings forth a crime,
Or elſe deſpairing to roote out abuſe,
Would ruine vitious earth; be then profuſe.
Light, chas'd rude chaos from the world before,
Thy teares, by hindring it's returne, worke more.

To CASTARA.

Vpon a ſigh.

I Heard a ſigh, and ſomething in my eare
Did whiſper, what my ſoule before did feare.
That it was breath'd by thee. May th'eaſie Spring
Enricht with odours, wanton on the wing
Of th' Eaſterne wind, may ne're his beauty ſade,
If he the treaſure of this breath convey'd;
'Twas thine by 'th muſicke which th' harmonious breath
Of Swans is like, propheticke in their death:
And th'odour, for as it the nard expires,
Perfuming Phœnix-like his funerall fires.
The winds of Paradice ſend ſuch a gale,
To make the Lovers veſſels calmely ſaile
To his lov'd Port. This ſhall, where it inſpires,
Increaſe the chaſte, extinguiſh unchaſte fires.

To the Right Honourable the Lady F.

Madam.

YOu ſaw our loves, and prais'd the mutuall flame:
In which as incenſe to your ſacred name
Burnes a religious zeale. May we be loſt
To one another, and our fire be froſt;
When we omit to pay the tribute due
To worth and vertue, and in them to you:
Who are the ſoule of women. Others be
But beauteous parts oth' female body; ſhe
Who boaſts how many nimble *Cupids* skip
Through her bright face, is but an eye or lip:
The other who in her ſoft breſts can ſhow
Warme Violets growing in a banke of ſnow,
And vaunts the lovely wonder, is but skin:
Nor is ſhe but a hand, who holds within

The chryſtall violl of her wealthy palme,
The precious ſweating of the Eaſterne balme.
And all theſe if you them together take,
And joyne with art, will but one body make,
To which the ſoule each vitall motion gives;
You are infus'd into it, and it lives.
But ſhould you up to your bleſt manſion flie,
How loath'd an object would the carkaſſe lie?
You are all mind. *Caſtara* when ſhe lookes,
On you th' Epitome of all, that bookes
Or e're tradition taught; who gives ſuch praiſe
Vnto your ſex, that now even cuſtomes ſayes
He hath a female ſoule, who ere hath writ
Volumes which learning comprehend, and wit.
Caſtara cries to me; Search out and find
The Mines of wiſedome in her learned mind,
And trace her ſteps to honour; I aſpire
Enough to worth, while I her worth admire.

To CASTARA,

Againſt opinion.

WHy ſhould we build, *Caſtara*, in the aire
Of fraile opinion? Why admire as faire,
What the weake faith of man gives us for right?
The jugling world cheats but the weaker ſight.
What is in greatneſſe happy? As free mirth,
As ample pleaſures of th' indulgent earth
We joy, who on the ground our manſion finde,
As they, who faile like witches in the wind
Of Court applauſe. What can their powerfull ſpell
Over inchanted man, more than compell
Him into various formes? Nor ſerves their charme
Themſelves to good, but to worke others harme.
Tyrant Opinion but depoſe. And we
Will abſolute ith' happieſt Empire be.

To CASTARA.

Vpon beautie.

Aſtara, ſee that duſt, the ſportive wind
So wantons with. 'Tis happ'ly all you'le finde
Left of ſome beauty: and hovv ſtill it flies,
To trouble, as it did in life, our eyes.
O empty boaſt of fleſh? Though our heires gild
The farre fetch Phrigian marble, vvhich ſhall build
A burthen to our aſhes, yet will death
Betray them to the ſport of every breath.
Doſt thou, poor relique of our frailty, ſtill
Swell up with glory? Or is it thy skill,
To mocke weake man, whom every wind of praiſe
Into the aire, doth 'bove his center raiſe.
If ſo, mocke on, And tell him that his luſt
To beauty's, madneſſe. For it courts but duſt.

To CASTARA,

Melancholly.

Ere but that ſigh a penitentiall breath
That thou art mine: It would blow with it death,
T' incloſe me in my marble: Where I'de be
Slave to the tyrant wormes, to ſet thee free.
What ſhould we envy? Though with larger ſaile
Some dance upon the Ocean: yet more fraile
And faithleſſe is that wave, than where we glide,
Bleſt in the ſafety of a private tide.
We ſtill have land in ken. And 'cauſe our boat
Dares not affront the weather, wee'le ne're float
Farre from the ſhore. To daring them each cloud
Is big with thunder, every wind ſpeakes loud.
And though wild rockes about the ſhore appeare
Yet vertue will finde roome to anchor there.

A Dialogue betweene

Araphill *and* Castara.

Araph. *Aſtara*, you too fondly court
The ſilken peace with which we
cover'd are,
Vnquiet time may for his ſport,
Vp from its iron den rowſe ſleepy warre.

Cast. Then in the language of the drum,
I will inſtruct my yet affrighted eare,
All women ſhall in me be dumbe;
If I but with my *Araphill* be there?

Araph. If Fate like an unfaithfull gale,
Which having vow'd to th'ſhip a faire event,
Oth' ſudden rends her hopefull ſaile;
Blow ruine; will *Caſtara* then repent?

Cast. Love ſhall in that tempeſtuous ſhowre [ſhow:
Her brighteſt bloſſome like the blacke-thorne
VVeake friendſhip proſpers by the powre
Of fortunes Sunne. I'le in her winter grow.

Araph. If on my skin the noyſome skar
I ſhould oth'leproſie, or canker weare;
Or if the ſulph'rous breath of warre [feare?
Should blaſt my youth; Should I not be thy

Cast. In fleſh may ſickneſſe horror move,
But heavenly zeale will be by it refin'd,
For then wee'd like two Angels love, [mind.
VVithout a ſenſe; imbrace[1] each others

Araph. VVere it not impious to repine;
'Gainſt rigid Fate I ſhould direct my breath.
That two muſt be, whom heaven did joyne
In ſuch a happy one, disjoyn'd by death.

1 Without a sense; and clip each others mind. 1634, 1635.

Cast. That's no divource. Then ſhall we ſee [ſtate,
The rites in life, were types o'th marriage
Our ſoules on earth contracted be;
But they in heaven their nuptials conſumate.

[1] *To the Right Honourable* HENRY *Lord* M.

My Lord.

MY thoughts are not ſo rugged, nor doth earth
So farre predominate in me, that mirth
Lookes not as lovely as when our delight
Firſt faſhion'd wings to adde a nimbler flight
To lazie time; who would, to have ſurvai'd
Our varied pleaſures, there have ever ſtaid.
And they were harmeleſſe. For obedience
If frailty yeelds to the wild lawes of ſence;
VVe ſhall but with a ſugred venome meete;
No pleaſure, if not innocent as ſweet.
And that's your choyce: who adde the title good
To that of noble. For although the blood
Of *Marſhall*, *Stanley*, and '*La Pole* doth flow
VVith happy *Brandon's* in your veines; you owe
Your vertue not to them. Man builds alone
Oth' ground of honour: For deſert's our ovvne.
Be that your ayme. I'le vvith *Caſtara* ſit
Ith' ſhade, from heat of buſineſſe. VVhile my vvit
Is neither big vvith an ambitious ayme,
To build tall Pyramids Ith' court of fame,
For after ages, or to win conceit
Oth' preſent, and grow in opinion great.
Rich in our ſelves, we envy not the Eaſt,
Her rockes of Diamonds, or her gold the Weſt.
Arabia may be happy in the death
Of her reviving *Phœnix*; In the breath
Of coole *Favonius*, famous be the grove
Of *Tempe*; while we in each others love.
For that let us be fam'd. And when of all
That Nature made us two, the funerall

[1] *To the Right Honourable, my very good Lord* HENRY *Lord* M.

Leaves but a little duſt; (which then as wed,
Even after death, ſhall ſleepe ſtill in one bed.)
The Bride and Bridegroome on the ſolemne day,
Shall with warm zeale approach our Vrne, to pay
Their vowes, that heaven ſhould bleſſe ſo farre their rites,
To ſhew them the faire paths to our delights.

To a Tombe.

TYrant o're tyrants, thou who onely doſt
Clip the laſcivious beauty without luſt; [ſence;
What horror at thy ſight ſhootes through each
How powerfull is thy ſilent eloquence,
Which never flatters? Thou inſtruct'ſt the proud,
That their ſwolne pompe is but an empty cloud,
Slave to each wind. The faire, thoſe flowers they have
Freſh in their cheeke, are ſtrewd upon a grave.
Thou tell'ſt the rich, their Idoll is but earth.
The vainely pleas'd, that Syren-like their mirth
Betrayes to miſchiefe, and that onely he
Dares welcome death, whoſe aimes at vertue be.
Which yet more zeale doth to *Caſtara* move.
What checks me, when the tombe perſwades to love?

To CASTARA.

Vpon thought of Age and Death.

THe breath of time ſhall blaſt the flowry Spring,
Which ſo perfumes thy cheeke, and with it bring
So darke a miſt, as ſhall eclipſe the light
Of thy faire eyes, in an eternall night.
Some melancholly chamber of the earth,
[1](For that like Time devoures whom it gave breath)
Thy beauties ſhall entombe, while all who ere
Lov'd nobly, offer up their ſorrowes there.
But I vvhoſe griefe no formall limits bound,
Beholding the darke caverne of that ground,
VVill there immure my ſelfe. And thus I ſhall

[1] (For she like Time devoures whom she gave breath)

Thy mourner be, and my ovvne funerall.
Elſe by the vveeping magicke of my verſe,
Thou hadſt reviv'd, to triumph o're thy hearſe.

[1]*To the Right Honourable, the Lord* P.

My Lord.

THe reverend man by magicke of his prayer
Hath charm'd ſo, that I and your daughter are
Contracted into one. The holy lights
Smil'd vvith a cheerfull luſtre on our rites,
And every thing preſag'd full happineſſe
To mutuall love; if you'le the omen bleſſe.
Nor grieve, my Lord, 'tis perfected. Before
Afflicted Seas ſought refuge on the ſhore
From the angry Northvvind. Ere th'aſtoniſht Spring
Heard in the ayre the feather'd people ſing,
Ere time had motion, or the Sunne obtain'd
His province o're the day, this was ordain'd.
Nor thinke in her I courted wealth or blood,
Or more uncertaine hopes: for had I ſtood
On th' higheſt ground of fortune, the world knowne
No greatneſſe but what waited on my throne;
And ſhe had onely had that face and mind,
I, with my ſelfe, had th'earth to her reſign'd.
In vertue there's an Empire. And ſo ſweete
The rule is when it doth with beauty meete,
As fellow Conſull; that of heaven they
Nor earth partake; who would her diſobey.
This captiv'd me. And ere I queſtion'd why
I ought to love *Caſtara*, through my eye,
This ſoft obedience ſtole into my heart.
Then found I love might lend to th'quick-ey'd art
Of Reaſon yet a purer ſight: For he
Though blind, taught her theſe Indies firſt to ſee,
In whoſe poſſeſſion I at length am bleſt,
And with my ſelfe at quiet, here I reſt,
As all things to my powre ſubdu'd, To me
Ther's nought beyond this. The whole world is ſhe.

1 *To the Right Honorable, my very good Lord, the Lord* P. 1634, 1635.

His Muſe ſpeakes to him.

THy vowes are heard, and thy *Caſtara's* name
Is writ as faire ith' Regiſter of Fame,
As th' ancient beauties which tranſlated are
By Poets vp to heaven; each there a ſtarre.
And though Imperiall *Tiber* boaſt alone
Ovids Corinna, and to *Arn* is knowne
But *Petrarchs Laura*; while our famous Thames
Doth murmur *Sydneyes Stella* to her ſtreames.
Yet haſt thou *Severne* left, and ſhe can bring
As many quires of Swans, as they to ſing
Thy glorious love: Which living ſhall by thee
The onely Sov'raigne of thoſe waters be.
Dead in loves firmament, no ſtarre ſhall ſhine
So nobly faire, so purely chaſte as thine.

To Vaine hope.

THou dreame of madmen, ever changing gale,
Swell with thy wanton breath the gaudy ſaile
Of glorious fooles. Thou guid'ſt them who thee court
To rocks, to quick-ſands, or ſome faithleſſe port.
Were I not mad, who when ſecure at eaſe,
I might ith' Cabbin paſſe the raging Seas,
Would like a franticke ſhipboy wildly haſte,
To climbe the giddy top of th'unſafe maſt?
Ambition never to her hopes did faine
A greatneſſe, but I really obtaine
In my *Caſtara*. Wer't not fondneſſe then
T' embrace[1] the ſhadowes of true bliſſe? And when
My Paradiſe all flowers and fruits both breed:
To rob a barren garden for a weed?

1 clip. 1634, 1635.

To CASTARA,

How happy, though in an obſcure fortune.

WEre we by fate throwne downe below our feare;
Could we be poore? Or queſtion Natures care
In our proviſion? She who doth afford
A feather'd garment fit for every bird,
And onely voyce enough t'expreſſe delight.
She who apparels Lillies in their white,
As if in that ſhe'de teach mans duller ſence,
Wh'are higheſt, ſhould be ſo in innocence.
She who in damaske doth attire the Roſe,
(And man t'himſelfe a mockery to propoſe,
'Mong whom the humbleſt Iudges grow to ſit)
She who in purple cloathes the Violet:
If thus ſhe cares for things even voyd of ſence;
Shall we ſuſpect in us her providence?

To CASTARA.

WHat can the freedome of our love enthrall?
Caſtara were we diſpoſſeſt of all
The gifts of fortune; richer yet than ſhe
Can make her ſlaves, wee'd in each other be.
Love in himſelfe's a world. If we ſhould have
A manſion but in ſome forſaken cave;
Wee'd ſmooth misfortune: and our ſelves thinke then
Retir'd like Princes from the noiſe of men,
To breath a while unflatter'd. Each wild beaſt,
That ſhould the ſilence of our cell infeſt,
With clamor, ſeeking prey; Wee'd fancie were
Nought but an avaritious Courtier.
VVealth's but opinion. VVho thinks others more
Of treaſures have, than we, is[1] onely poore.

[1] he's. 1634.

On the death of the Right Honourable, GEORGE *Earle of* S.

BRight Saint, thy pardon, if my ſadder verſe,
Appeare in ſighing o're thy glorious hearſe,
To envie heaven. For fame it ſelfe now weares
Griefes Livery, and onely ſpeaks in teares.
And pardon you *Caſtara*, if a while
Your memory I baniſh from my ſtile;
VVhen I have payd his death the tribute due,
Of ſorrow, I'le returne to Love and you.
Is there a name like *Talbot*, which a ſhowre
Can force from every eye? And hath even powre
To alter natures courſe? How elſe ſhould all
Runne wilde with mourning, and diſtracted fall:
Th' illiterate vulgar in a well tun'd breath,
Lament their loſſe, and learnedly chide death,
For its[1] bold rape, while the ſad Poets ſong
Is yet unheard, as if griefe had no tongue.
Th'amaz'd marriner having loſt his way
In the tempeſtuous deſart of the Sea,
Lookes vp but findes no ſtarres. They all conſpire
To darke themſelves, t'enlighten this new fire.
The learn'd Aſtronomer with daring eye,
Searching to tracke the Spheres through which you flie,
(Moſt beauteous ſoule) doth in his journey faile,
And bluſhing, ſayes, the ſubtleſt art is fraile,
And but truths counterfet. Your flight doth teach,
Faire Vertue hath an Orbe beyond his reach.
But I grow dull with ſorrow. Vnkinde Fate
To play the tyrant and ſubvert the ſtate
Of ſetled goodneſſe. Who ſhall henceforth ſtand
A pure example to enforme the Land
Of her looſe riot[2]? Who ſhall counter-checke
The wanton pride of greatneſſe; and direct
Straid honour in the true magnificke way?

[1] his. 1634, 1635. [2] wit. 1634.

Whoſe life ſhall ſhew what triumph 'tis t'obey
The hard commands of reaſon? And how ſweet
The nuptials are, when wealth and learning meet?
Who will with ſilent piety confute
Atheiſticke Sophiſtry, and by the fruite
Approve Religions tree? Who'le teach his blood
A Virgin law and dare be great and good?
Who will deſpiſe his ſtiles? And nobly weigh
In judgements ballance, that his honour'd clay
Hath no advantage by them? Who will live
So innocently pious, as to give
The world no ſcandall? Who'le himſelf deny,
And to warme paſſion a cold martyr dye?
My griefe diſtracts me. If my zeale hath ſaid,
What checks the living; know I ſerve the dead.
The dead, who needs no monumentall vaults,
With his pale aſhes to intombe his faults.
Whoſe ſins beget no libels, whom the poore
For benefit; for worth, the rich adore.
Who liv'd a ſolitary Phœnix free
From the commerce with miſchiefe, joy'd to be
Still gazing heaven-ward, where his thoughts did move,
Fed with the ſacred fire of zealous love.
Alone he flouriſht, 'till the fatall houre
Did ſummon him, when gathering from each flowre
Their vertuous odours, from his perfum'd neſt,
He tooke his flight to everlaſting reſt.
There ſhine great Lord, and with propitious eyes,
Looke downe, and ſmile upon this ſacrifice.

To my worthy Couſin Mr. E. C.
In praiſe of the City life, in the long Vacation.

Like the greene pluſh which your meadows weare;
I praiſe your pregnant fields, which duly beare
Their wealthy burden to th'induſtrious Bore.
Nor doe I difallow that who are poore

In minde and fortune, thither ſhould retire:
But hate that he who's warme with [1]holy fire
Of any knowledge, and 'mong-us may feaſt
On Nectar'd wit, ſhould turne himſelfe t' a beaſt,
And graze ith' Country. Why did nature wrong
So much her paines, as to give you a tongue
And fluent language; If converſe you hold
With Oxen in the ſtall, and ſheep ith' fold?
But now it's long Vacation you will ſay
The towne is empty, and who ever may
To th' pleaſure of his Country home repaire,
Flyes from th' infection of our *London* aire.
In this your errour. Now's the time alone
To live here; when the City Dame is gone,
T' her houſe at *Brandford*; for beyond that ſhe
Imagines there's no land, but *Barbary*,
Where lies her huſbands Factor. When from hence
Rid is the Country Iuſtice whoſe non-ſence
Corrupted had the language of the Inne,
Where he and his horſe litter'd: We beginne
To live in ſilence, when the noyſe oth' Bench
Not deafens *Weſtminſter*, nor corrupt French
Walkes *Fleet-ſtreet* in her gowne. Ruffes of the Barre,
By the Vacations powre tranſlated are,
To Cut-worke bands. And who were buſie here,
Are gone to ſow ſedition in the ſhire.
The aire by this is purg'd, and the Termes ſtrife,
Thus fled the City: we the civill life
Lead happily. When in the gentle way,
Of noble mirth, I have the long liv'd day,
Contracted to a moment: I retire.
To my *Caſtara*, and meet ſuch a fire
Of mutuall love: that if the City were
Infected, that would purifie the ayre.

[1] th' holy fire. 1634.

Loves Aniverſarie
To the Sunne.

THou art return'd (great Light) to that bleſt houre
In which I firſt by marriage, ſacred power,
Ioyn'd with *Caſtara* hearts: And as the ſame
Thy luſtre is, as then, ſo is our flame:
Which had increaſt, but that by loves decree,
'Twas ſuch at firſt, it ne're could greater be.
But tell me (glorious Lampe) in thy ſurvey,
Of things below thee, what did not decay
By age to weakneſſe? I ſince that have ſeene
The Roſe bud forth and fade, the tree grow greene
And wither, and the beauty of the field
With Winter wrinkled. Even thy ſelfe doſt yeeld
Something to time, and to thy grave fall nigher.
But vertuous love is one ſweet endleſſe fire.

Againſt them who lay unchaſtity to the ſex of Women.

THey meet but with unwholeſome Springs,
And Summers which infectious are:
They heare but when the Meremaid ſings,
And onely ſee the falling ſtarre:
Who ever dare,
Affirme no woman chaſte and faire.

Goe cure your feavers: and you'le ſay
The Dog-dayes ſcorch not all the yeare:
In Copper Mines no longer ſtay,
But travell to the Weſt, and there
The right ones ſee:
And grant all gold's not Alchimie.

What mad man 'cauſe the glow-wormes flame
Is cold, ſweares there's no warmth in fire?
Cauſe ſome make forfeit of their name,

And ſlave themſelves to mans deſire;
Shall the ſex free
From guilt, damn'd to the bondage be?

Nor grieve *Caſtara*, though 'twere fraile,
Thy Vertue then would brighter ſhine,
When thy example ſhould prevaile,
And every womans faith be thine.
And were there none;
'Tis Majeſty to rule alone.

To the Right Honourable and excellently learned, WILLIAM *Earle of* St.

My Lord,

THe Laurell doth your reverend temples wreath
As aptly now, as when your youth did breath
Thoſe tragicke raptures which your name ſhall
From the blacke edict of a tyrant grave. [ſave
Nor ſhall your Day ere ſet, till the Sunne ſhall
From the blind heavens like a cynder fall;
And all the elements intend their ſtrife,
To ruine what they fram'd: Then your fames life,
When deſp'rate Time lies gaſping, ſhall expire
Attended by the world ith' generall fire.
Fame lengthens thus her ſelfe. And I to tread
Your ſteps to glory, ſearch among the dead,
Where Vertue lies obſcur'd; that as I give
Life to her tombe, I ſpight of time may live.
Now I reſolve in triumph of my verſe,
To bring great *Talbot* from that forren hearſe,
Which yet doth to her fright his duſt encloſe:
Then to ſing *Herbert* who ſo glorious roſe,
With the fourth *Edward*, that his faith doth ſhine
Yet in the faith of nobleſt *Pembrookes* line.
Sometimes my ſwelling ſpirits I prepare
To ſpeake the mighty *Percy*, neereſt heire,
In merits as in blood, to CHARLES the great:
Then *Darbies* worth and greatneſſe to repeat:

Or *Morleyes* honour, or *Mounteagles* fame,
Whoſe valour lies eterniz'd in his name.
But while I thinke to ſing thoſe of my bloud,
And my *Caſtara's*; Loves unruly flood
Breakes in, and beares away what ever ſtands,
Built by my bufie fancy on the ſands.

To CASTARA,
Vpon an embrace.

BOut th' Husband Oke, the Vine
Thus wreathes to kiſſe his leavy face:
Their ſtreames thus Rivers joyne,
And loſe themſelves in the embrace.
But Trees want ſence when they infold,
And Waters when they meet, are cold.

Thus Turtles bill, and grone
Their loves into each others eare:
Two flames thus burne in one,
When their curl'd heads to heaven they reare.
But Birds want ſoule though not deſire:
And flames materiall ſoone expire.

If not prophane; we'll ſay
When Angels cloſe, their joyes are ſuch.
For we not love obey
That's baſtard to a fleſhly touch.
Let's cloſe *Caſtara* then, ſince thus
We patterne Angels, and they us.

To the Honourable, G. T.

LEt not thy grones force Eccho from her cave,
Or interrupt her weeping o're that wave,
Which laſt *Narciſſus* kiſt: let no darke grove
Be taught to whiſper ſtories of thy love.
What though the wind be turn'd? Canſt thou not faile
By vertue of a cleane contrary gale,

Into ſome other Port? Where thou wilt find,
It was thy better *Genius* chang'd the wind,
To ſteere thee to ſome Iland in the Weſt,
For wealth and pleaſure, that tranſcends thy Eaſt.
Though *Aſtrodora*, like a ſullen ſtarre
Eclipſe her ſelfe: Ith' ſky of beauty are
Ten thouſand other fires, ſome bright as ſhe.
And who with milder beames, may ſhine on thee.
Nor yet doth this Eclipſe beare a portent,
That ſhould affright the world: The firmament
Enjoyes the light it did, a Sunne as cleare,
And the young Spring doth like a Bride appeare,
As fairely wed to the *Theſſalian* grove
As e're it was; though ſhe and you not love.
And we two, who like two bright ſtars have ſhin'd
Ith' heaven of friendſhip, are as firmely joyn'd
As bloud and love firſt fram'd us. And to be
Lov'd, and thought worthy to be lov'd by thee,
Is to be glorious. Since fame cannot lend
An honour, equals that of *Talbots* friend.
Nor envie me that my *Caſtara's* flame
Yeelds me a conſtant warmth: Though firſt I came
To marriage happy Ilands: Seas to thee
Will yeeld as ſmooth a way, and winds as free.
Which ſhall conduct thee (if hope may divine;)
To this delicious port: and make love thine.

To CASTARA.

The reward of Innocent Love.

WE ſaw and woo'd each others eyes,
My ſoule contracted then with thine,
And both burnt in one ſacrifice.
By which our Marriage grew divine.

Let wilder youth, whoſe ſoule is ſenſe,
Prophane the Temple of delight.
And purchaſe endleſſe penitence,
With the ſtolne pleaſure of one night.

Time 's ever ours, while we diſpiſe
The ſenſuall idoll of our clay.
For though the Sunne doe ſet and riſe,
We joy one everlaſting day.

Whoſe light no jealous clouds obſcure,
While each of us ſhine innocent.
The troubled ſtreame is ſtill impure,
With vertue flies away content.

And though opinion often erre,
Wee'le court the modeſt ſmile of fame.
For ſinnes blacke danger circles her,
Who hath infection in her name.

Thus when to one darke ſilent roome,
Death ſhall our loving coffins thruſt;
Fame will build columnes on our tombe,
And adde a perfume to our duſt.

To my nobleſt Friend, Sir I. P. *Knight.*

Sir,

THough my deare *Talbots* Fate exact, a ſad
And heavy brow; my verſe ſhall not be clad
For him this houre in mourning: I will write
To you the glory of a pompous night,
Which none (except ſobriety) who wit
Or cloathes could boaſt, but freely did admit.
I (who ſtill ſinne for company) was there
And taſted of the glorious ſupper, where
Meate was the leaſt of wonder. Though the neſt
Oth' *Phœnix* rifled ſeem'd t'amaze the feaſt,
And th' Ocean left ſo poore that it alone
Could ſince vant wretched herring and poore Iohn.
Lucullus ſurfets, were but types of this,
And whatſoever riot mention'd is
In ſtory, did but the dull *Zanye* play,
To this proud night; which rather wee'le terme day:
For th'artificiall lights ſo thicke were ſet,

That bright Sun ſeem'd this to counterfeit
But ſeven (whom whether we ſhould Sages call
Or deadly ſinnes, Ile not diſpute) were all
Invited to this pompe. And yet I dare
Pawne my lov'd Muſe, th' *Hungarian* did prepare
Not halfe that quantity of victuall, when
He layd his happy ſiege to *Nortlinghen.*
The miſt of the perfumes was breath'd ſo thicke
That *Linx* himſelfe thought his ſight fam'd ſo quicke,
Had there ſcarce ſpyed one ſober: For the wealth
Of the *Canaries* was exhauſt, the health
Of his good Majeſtye to celebrate,
Who'le judge them loyall ſubjects without that:
Yet they, who ſome fond privilege to mainteine,
VVould have rebeld; their beſt freehold, their braine
Surrender'd there; and five fifteenes did pay
To drink his happy life and reigne. O day
It was thy piety to flye; th' hadſt beene
Found acceſſary elſe to this fond ſinne.
But I forget to ſpeake each ſtratagem
By which the diſhes enter'd, and in them
Each luſcious miracle, As if more bookes
Had written beene oth' myſtery of Cookes
Then the Philos'phers ſtone, here we did ſee
All wonders in the kitchin Alchimy:
But Ile not have you there, before you part
You ſhall have ſomething of another art.
A banquet raining downe ſo faſt, the good
Old Patriarch would have thought a generall flood:
Heaven open'd and from thence a mighty ſhowre
Of Amber comfits it ſweete ſelfe did powre
Vpon our heads, and Suckets from our eye
Like thickend clouds did ſteale away the sky,
That it was queſtion'd whether heaven were
Black-fryers, and each ſtarre a confectioner;
But I too long detaine you at a feaſt
You hap'ly ſurfet of; now every gueſt
Is reeld downe to his coach; I licence crave
Sir, but to kiſſe your hands, and take my leave.

To The Right Honourable Archibald *Earle of* Ar.

IF your example be obey'd
The ſerious few will live ith' ſilent ſhade:
And not indanger by the wind
Or Sunſhine, the complexion of their mind:
Whoſe beauty weares ſo cleare a skin
That it decayes with the leaſt taint of ſin.
Vice growes by cuſtome, nor dare we
Reject it as a ſlave, where it breathes free,
And is no priviledge denyed;
Nor if advanc'd to higher place envyed.
Wherefore your Lordſhip in your ſelfe
(Not lancht farre in the maine, nor nigh the ſhelfe
Of humbler fortune) lives at eaſe,
Safe from the rocks oth' ſhore, and ſtormes oth'Seas.
Your ſoule's a well built City, where
There's ſuch munition, that no war breeds feare:
No rebels wilde deſtractions move;
For you the heads have cruſht; Rage, Envy, Love.
And therefore you defiance bid
To open enmity, or miſchiefe hid
In fawning hate and ſupple pride,
Who are on every corner ſortifide.
Your youth not rudely led by rage
Of blood, is now the ſtory of your age
Which without boaſt you may averre
'Fore blackeſt danger, glory did prefer:
Glory not purchaſt by the breath
Of Sycophants, but by encountring death.
Yet wildneſſe nor the feare of lawes
Did make your fight, but juſtice of the cauſe.
For but mad prodigals they are
Of fortitude, who for it ſelfe love warre.
When well made peace hath clos'd the eyes
Of diſcord, ſloath did not your youth ſurprize.
Your life as well as powre, did awe

The bad, and to the good was the beſt law:
When moſt men vertue did purſue
In hope by it to grow in fame like you.
Nor when you did to court repaire,
Did you your manners alter with the ayre.
You did your modeſty retaine
Your faithfull dealing, the ſame tongue and braine.
Nor did all the ſoft flattery there
Inchant you ſo, but ſtill you truth could heare.
And though your roofes were richly guilt,
The baſis was on no wards ruine built.
Nor were your vaſſals made a prey,
And forc't to curſe the Coronation day.
And though no bravery was knowne
To out-ſhine yours, you onely ſpent your owne.
For 'twas the indulgence of fate,
To give y' a moderate minde, and bounteous ſtate?
But I, my Lord, who have no friend
Of fortune, muſt begin where you doe end.
'Tis dang'rous to approach the fire
Of action; nor is't ſafe, farre to retire.
Yet better loſt ith' multitude
Of private men, then on the ſtate t'intrude,
And hazard for a doubtfull ſmile,
My ſtocke of fame, and inward peace to ſpoile.
Ile therefore nigh ſome murm'ring brooke
That wantons through my meddowes, with a booke
With my *Caſiara*, or ſome friend,
My youth not guilty of ambition ſpend.
To my own ſhade (if fate permit)
Ile whiſper ſome ſoft muſique of my wit.
And flatter to my ſelfe, Ile ſee
By that, ſtrange motion ſteale into the tree.
But ſtill my firſt and chiefeſt care
Shall be t'appeaſe offended heaven with prayer:
And in ſuch mold my thoughts to caſt,
That each day ſhall be ſpent as 'twere my laſt.
How ere it's ſweete luſt to obey,
Vertue though rugged, is the ſafeſt way.

An Elegy upon The Honourable Henry Cambell, *ſonne to the Earle of* Ar[g].

Ts falſe Arithmaticke to ſay thy breath
Expir'd to ſoone, or irreligious death
Prophan'd thy holy youth. For if thy yeares
Be number'd by thy vertues or our teares,
Thou didſt the old *Methuſalem* out-live.
Though Time, but twenty yeares account can give
Of thy abode on earth, yet every houre
Of thy brave youth by vertues wondrous powre
Was lengthen'd to a yeare. Each well-ſpent day
Keepes young the body, but the ſoule makes gray.
Such miracles workes goodneſſe: and behind
Th'aſt left to us ſuch ſtories of thy minde
Fit for example; that when them we read,
We envy earth the treaſure of the dead.
Why doe the ſinfull riot and ſurvive
The feavers of their ſurfets? Why alive
Is yet diſorder'd greatneſſe, and all they
Who the looſe lawes of their wilde blood obey?
Why lives the gameſter. who doth blacke the night
With cheats and imprecations? Why is light
Looked on by thoſe whoſe breath may poyſon it:
Who ſold the vigor of their ſtrength and wit
To buy diſeaſes: and thou, who faire truth
And vertue didſt adore, loſt in thy youth?
But Ile not queſtion fate. Heaven doth conveigh
Thoſe firſt from the darke priſon of their clay
Who are moſt fit for heaven. Thou in warre
Hadſt tane degrees, thoſe dangers felt, which are
The props on which peace ſafely doth ſubſiſt
And through the Cannons blew and horrid miſt
Hadſt brought her light: And now wert ſo compleat
That naught but death did want to make thee great.
Thy death was timely then bright ſoule to thee,
And in thy fate thou ſuffer'dſt not. 'Twas we

Who dyed rob'd of thy life: in whoſe increaſe
Of reall glory both in warre and peace,
We all did ſhare: and thou away we feare
Didſt with thee, the whole ſtocke of honour beare.
Each then be his owne mourner, Wee'le to thee
Write hymnes, upon the world an Elegie.

To CASTARA.

WHy ſhould we feare to melt away in death;
May we but dye together. When beneath
In a coole vault we ſleepe, the world will prove
Religious, and call it the ſhrine of Love.
There, when oth' wedding eve ſome beautious maid,
Suſpitious of the faith of man, hath paid
The tribute of her vowes; oth' ſudden ſhee
Two violets ſprouting from the tombe will ſee:
And cry out, ye ſweet emblems of their zeale
Who live below, ſprang ye up to reveale
The ſtory of our future joyes, how we
The faithfull patterns of their love ſhall be?
If not; hang downe your heads oppreſt with dew,
And I will weepe and wither hence with you.

To CASTARA,
Of what we were before our creation.

WHen *Pelion* wondring ſaw, that raine which fell
But now from angry Heaven, to Heaven ward ſwell:
When th' Indian Ocean did the wanton play,
Mingling its billowes with the Balticke ſea:
And the whole earth was water: O where then
Were we *Caſtara*? In the fate of men
Loſt underneath the waves? Or to beguile
Heaven's juſtice, lurkt we in *Noahs* floating Iſle?
We had no being then. This fleſhly frame
Wed to a ſoule, long after, hither came

A ſtranger to it ſelfe. Thoſe moneths that were
But the laſt age, no news of us did heare.
What pompe is then in us? Who th' other day
Were nothing; and in triumph now, but clay.

To the Moment laſt paſt.

Whither doſt thou flye? Cannot my vow
Intreat thee tarry? Thou wert here but now,
And thou art gone: like ſhips which plough the Sea,
And leave no print for man to tracke their way.
O unſeene wealth! who thee did husband, can
Out-vie the jewels of the Ocean,
The mines of th' earth! One ſigh well ſpent in thee
Had beene a purchaſe for eternity!
We will not looſe thee then. *Caſtara*, where
Shall we finde out his hidden ſepulcher;
And wee'le revive him. Not the cruell ſtealth
Of fate ſhall rob us, of ſo great a wealth.
Vndone in thrift! while we beſought his ſtay,
Ten of his fellow moments fled away.

To CASTARA.

Of the knowledge of Love.

Here ſleepes the North-wind when the South inſpires
Life in the ſpring, and gathers into quires
The ſcatter'd Nightingales; whoſe ſubtle eares
Heard firſt th' harmonious language of the Spheares;
Whence hath the ſtone Magneticke force t'allure
Th' enamour'd iron; From a ſeed impure
Or naturall did firſt the Mandrake grow;
What powre ith' Ocean makes it ebbe and flow;
What ſtrange materials is the azure skye
Compacted of; of what its[1] brighteſt eye
The ever flaming Sunne; what people are
In th'unknowne world; what worlds in every ſtar;

1 her. 1635.

Let curious fancies at this ſecret rove;
Caſtara what we know, wee'le practiſe, Love.

To the Right Honourable the Counteſſe of C.

Madam,

Hould the cold *Muſcovit*, whoſe furre and ſtove
Can ſcarſe prepare him heate enough for love,
But view the wonder of your preſence, he
Would ſcorne his winters ſharpeſt injury:
And trace the naked groves, till he found bayſe
To write the beautious triumphs of your prayſe.
As a dull Poet even he would ſay,
Th' unclouded Sun had never ſhowne them day
Till that bright minute; that he now admires
No more why the coy Spring ſo ſoone retires
From their unhappy clyme: It doth purſue
The Sun, and he derives his light from you.
Hee'd tell you how the fetter'd Baltick Sea
Is ſet at freedome, while the yce away
Doth melt at your approach; how by ſo faire
Harmonious beauty, their rude manners are
Reduc't to order; how to them you bring
The wealthieſt mines below, above the Spring.
Thus would his wonder ſpeake. For he would want
Religion to beleeve, there were a Saint
Within, and all he ſaw was but the ſhrine.
But I here pay my vowes to the devine
Pure eſſence there inclos'd, which if it were
Not hid in a faire cloud but might appeare
In its full luſtre, would make Nature live
In a ſtate equall to her primitive.
But ſweetly thats obſcur'd. Yet though our eye
Cannot the ſplendor of your ſoule deſcry
In true perfection, by a glimmering light,
Your language yeelds us, we can gueſſe how bright
The Sunne within you ſhines, and curſe th' unkind
Eclipſe, or elſe our ſelves for being blinde.
How haſtily doth Nature build up man

1 *To the Right Honorable, my very good Lady, the Countesse of* C. 1635.

To leave him ſo imperfect? For he can
See nought beyond his ſence; ſhe doth controule
So farre his ſight, he nere diſcern'd a ſoule.
For had yours beene the object of his eye;
It had turn'd wonder to Idolatry.

The harmony of Love.

Amphion, O thou holy ſhade!
Bring *Orpheus* up with thee:
That wonder may you both invade,
Hearing Loves harmony.
You who are ſoule, not rudely made
Vp, with Materiall eares,
And fit to reach the muſique of theſe ſpheares.

Harke! when *Caſtara's* orbs doe move
By my firſt moving eyes,
How great the Symphony of Love,
But 'tis the deſtinies
Will not ſo farre my prayer approve,
To bring you hither, here
Leſt you meete heaven, for Elizium there.

Tis no dull Sublunary flame
Burnes in her heart and mine.
But ſomething more, then hath a name.
So ſubtle and divine,
We know not why, nor how it came.
Which ſhall ſhine bright, till ſhe
And the whole world of love, expire with me.

To my honoured friend Sir Ed. P. *Knight.*

You'd leave the ſilence in which ſafe we are,
To liſten to the noyſe of warre;
And walke thoſe rugged paths, the factious tread,
Who by the number of the dead

Reckon their glories, and thinke greatneſſe ſtood
  Vnſafe, till it was built on blood.
Secure ith' wall our Seas and ſhips provide
  (Abhorring wars ſo barb'rous pride
And honour bought with ſlaughter) in content
  Lets breath though humble, innocent.
Folly and madneſſe! Since 'tis ods we nere
  See the freſh youth of the next yeare.
Perhaps not the chaſt morne, her ſelfe diſcloſe
  Againe, t'out-bluſh th' æmulous roſe,
Why doth ambition ſo the mind diſtreſſe
  To make us ſcorne what we poſſeſſe?
And looke ſo farre before us? Since all we
  Can hope, is varied miſery?
Goe find ſome whiſpering ſhade neare *Arne* or *Poe*,
  And gently 'mong their violets throw
Your wearyed limbs, and ſee if all thoſe faire
  Enchantments can charme griefe or care?
Our ſorrowes ſtill purſue us, and when you
  The ruin'd Capitoll ſhall view
And ſtatues, a diſorder'd heape; you can
  Not cure yet the diſeaſe of man,
And baniſh your owne thoughts. Goe travaile where
  Another Sun and Starres appeare,
And land not toucht by any covetous fleet,
  And yet even there your ſelfe you'le meet.
Stay here then, and while curious exiles find
  New toyes for a fantaſtique mind;
Enjoy at home what's reall: here the Spring
  By her aeriall quires doth ſing
As ſweetly to you, as if you were laid
  Vnder the learn'd *Theſſalian* ſhade,
Direct your eye-ſight inward, and you'le find
  A thouſand regions in your mind
Yet undiſcover'd. Travell them, and be
  Expert in home Coſmographie.
This you may doe ſafe both from rocke and ſhelfe:
  Man's a whole world within him ſelfe.

To CASTARA.

Ive me a heart where no impure
Diſorder'd paſſions rage,
Which jealouſie doth not obſcure,
Not vanity t' expence ingage,
Nor wooed to madneſſe by quient oathes,
Or the fine Rhetoricke of cloathes,
Which not the ſoftneſſe of the age
To vice or folly doth decline;
Give me that heart (*Caſtara*) for 'tis thine.

Take thou a heart where no new looke
Provokes new appetite:
VVith no freſh charme of beauty tooke,
Or wanton ſtratagem of wit;
Not Idly wandring here and there,
Led by an am'rous eye or eare.
Ayming each beautious marke to hit;
VVhich vertue doth to one confine:
Take thou that heart, *Caſtara*, for 'tis mine.

And now my heart is lodg'd with thee,
Obſerve but how it ſtill
Doth liſten how thine doth with me;
And guard it well, for elſe it will
Runne hither backe; not to be where
I am, but 'cauſe thy heart is here.
But without diſcipline, or skill.
Our hearts ſhall freely 'tweene us move;
Should thou or I want hearts, wee'd breath by love.

To CASTARA.

Of true delight.

WHy doth the eare ſo tempt the voyce,
That cunningly divides the ayre?
VVhy doth the pallate buy the choyce
Delights oth' ſea, to enrich her fare?

As ſoone as I, my eare obey
The Eccho's loſt even with the breath.
And when the ſewer takes away
I'me left with no more taſte, then death.

Be curious in purſuite of eyes
To procreate new loves with thine;
Satiety makes ſence deſpiſe
VVhat ſuperſtition thought divine.

Quicke fancy how it mockes delight?
As we conceive, things are not ſuch,
The glow-worme is as warme as bright,
Till the deceitfull flame we touch.

VVhen I have ſold my heart to luſt,
And bought repentance with a kiſſe
I find the malice of my duſt,
That told me hell contain'd a bliſſe.

The Roſe yeelds her ſweete blandiſhment
Loſt in the fold of lovers wreathes,
The violet enchants the ſent,
When earely in the Spring ſhe breaths.

But winter comes and makes each flowre
Shrinke from the pillow where it growes,
Or an intruding cold hath powre
To ſcorne the perfume of the Roſe.

Our ſences like falſe glaſſes ſhow
Smooth beauty where browes wrinkled are,
And makes the coſen'd fancy glow.
Chaſte vertue's onely true[1] and faire.

[1] chaste. 1635.

To my nobleſt Friend, I. C. *Eſquire.*

Sir,

I Hate the Countries durt and manners, yet
I love the ſilence; I embrace the wit
And courtſhip, flowing here in a full tide.
But loathe the expence, the vanity, and pride.
No place each way is happy. Here I hold
Commerce with ſome, who to my eare unfold
(After a due oath miniſtred) the height
And greatneſſe of each ſtar ſhines in the ſtate:
The brightneſſe, the eclypſe, the influence.
With others I commune, who tell me whence
The torrent doth of forraigne diſcord flow:
Relate each skirmiſh, battle, overthrow,
Soone as they happen; and by rote can tell
Thoſe *Germane* townes, even puzzle me to ſpell.
The croſſe or proſperous fate of Princes, they
Aſcribe to raſhneſſe, cunning, or delay:
And on each action comment, with more skill
Then upon *Livy*, did old *Machavill.*
O buſie folly! Why doe I my braine
Perplex with the dull pollicies of *Spaine*,
Or quicke deſignes of *France*? Why not repaire
To the pure innocence oth' Country ayre:
And neighbor thee, deare friend? Who ſo doſt give
Thy thoughts to worth and vertue, that to live
Bleſt, is to trace thy wayes. There might not we
Arme againſt paſſion with Philoſophie;
And by the aide of leiſure, ſo controule,
What-ere is earth in us, to grow all ſoule?
Knowledge doth ignorance ingender when
VVe ſtudy miſteries of other men
And forraigne plots. Doe but in thy owne ſhade
(Thy head upon ſome flowry pillow laide,
Kind Natures huſwifery) contemplate all
His ſtratagems who labours to inthrall
The world to his great Maſter; and youle finde
Ambition mocks it ſelfe, and graſps the wind.

Not conqueſt makes us great. Blood is to deare
A price for glory: Honour doth appeare
To ſtateſmen like a viſion in the night,
And jugler-like workes oth' deluded ſight.
Th' unbuſied onely wiſe: For no reſpect
Indangers them to error; They affect
Truth in her naked beauty, and behold
Man with an equall eye, not bright in gold
Or tall in title; ſo much him they weigh
As Vertue raiſeth him above his clay.
Thus let us value things: And ſince we find
Time bends us toward death, lets in our mind
Create new youth; and arme againſt the rude
Aſſaults of age; that no dull ſolitude
Oth' country dead our thoughts, nor buſie care
Oth' towne make us not thinke, where now we are
And whether we are bound. Time nere forgot
His journey, though his ſteps we numbred not.

To CASTARA.

What Lovers will ſay when ſhe and he are dead.

I Wonder when w'are dead, what men will ſay;
Will not poore Orphan Lovers weepe.
The parents of their Loves decay;
And envy death the treaſure of our ſleepe?

Will not each trembling Virgin bring her feares
To th' holy ſilence of my Vrne?
And chide the Marble with her teares,
Cauſe ſhe ſo ſoone faith's obſequie muſt mourne.

For had Fate ſpar'd but *Araphill* (ſhe'le ſay)
He had the great example ſtood,
And forc't unconſtant man obey
The law of Loves Religion, not of blood.

And youth by female perjury betraid,
Will to *Caſtara's* ſhrine deplore
His injuries, and death obrayd,
That woman lives more guilty, then before.

For while thy breathing purified the ayre
Thy Sex (hee'le ſay) did onely move
By the chaſte influence of a faire,
Whoſe vertue ſhin'd in the bright orbe of love.

Now woman, like a Meteor vapor'd forth
From dunghills, doth amaze our eyes;
Not ſhining with a reall worth,
But ſubtile her blacke errors to diſguiſe.

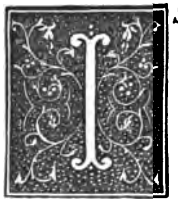
Thus will they talke, *Caſtara*, while our duſt
In one darke vault ſhall mingled be.
The world will fall a prey to luſt,
When Love is dead, which hath one fate with me.

To his Muſe.

HEre Virgin fix thy pillars, and command
They ſacred may to after ages ſtand
In witneſſe of loves triumph. Yet will we
Caſtara, find new worlds in Poetry,
And conquer them. Not dully following thoſe
Tame lovers, who dare cloth their thoughts in proſe.
But we will henceforth more Religious prove,
Concealing the high myſteries of love
From the prophane. Harmonious like the ſpheares,
Our ſoules ſhall move, not reacht by humane eares.
That Muſicke to the Angels, this to fame,
I here commit. That when their holy flame,
True lovers to pure beauties would rehearſe,
They may invoke the *Genius* of my verſe.

FINIS.

A Friend.



S a man. For the free and open diſcovery of thoughts to woman can not paſſe without an over licentious familiarity, or a juſtly occaſion'd ſuſpition; and friendſhip can neither ſtand with vice or infamie. He is vertuous, for love begot in ſin is a miſhapen monſter, and ſeldome out-lives his birth. He is noble, and inherits the vertues of all his progenitors; though happily unskilfull to blazon his paternall coate; So little ſhould nobility ſerve for ſtory, but when it encourageth to action. He is ſo valiant, feare could never be listned to, when ſhe whiſper'd danger; and yet fights not, unleſſe religion confirmes the quarrell lawfull. He ſubmits his actions to the government of vertue, not to the wilde decrees of popular opinion; and when his conſcience is fully ſatisfied, he cares not how miſtake and ignorance interpret him. He hath ſo much fortitude he can forgive an injurie; and when he hath overthrowne his oppoſer, not inſult upon his weakeneſſe. He is an abſolute governor; no deſtroyer of his paſſions, which he imployes to the noble increaſe of vertue. He is wiſe, for who hopes to reape a harveſt from the ſands, may expect the perfect offices of friendſhip from a foole. He hath by a liberall education beene ſoftned to civility; for that rugged honeſty ſome rude men poſeſſe, is an indigeſted Chaos; which may containe the ſeedes of goodneſſe, but it wants forme and order.

He is no flatterer; but when he findes his friend any way imperfect, he freely but gently informes him; nor yet ſhall ſome few errors cancell the bond of friendſhip; becauſe he remembers no endeavours can raiſe man above his frailety. He is as ſlow to enter into that title, as he is to forſake it; a monſtrous vice muſt diſobliege, becauſe an extraordinary vertue did firſt unite; and when he parts, he doth it without a duell. He is neither effeminate, nor a common courtier; the firſt is ſo paſſionate a doater upon himſelfe, hee cannot ſpare love enough to bee juſtly named friendſhip: the latter hath his love ſo diffuſive among the beauties, that man is not conſiderable. He is not accuſtomed to any ſordid way of gaine, for who is any way mechanicke, will ſell his friend upon more profitable termes. He is bountifull, and thinkes no treaſure of fortune equall to the preſervation of him he loves; yet not ſo laviſh, as to buy friendſhip and perhaps afterward finde himſelfe overſeene in the purchaſe. He is not exceptious, for jealouſie proceedes from weakeneſſe, and his vertues quit him from ſuſpitions. He freely gives advice, but ſo little peremptory is his opiuion that he ingenuouſly ſubmits it to an abler judgement. He is open in expreſſion of his thoughts and eaſeth his melancholy by inlarging it; and no Sanctuary preſerves ſo ſafely, as he his friend afflicted. He makes uſe of no engines of his friendſhip to extort a ſecret; but if committed to his charge, his heart receives it, and that and it come both to light together. In life he is the moſt amiable object to the ſoule, in death the moſt deplorable.

The Funerals of the Honourable, my beſt friend and Kinſman, GEORGE TALBOT, Eſquire.

Elegie, 1.

Were malice to the fame; to weepe alone
And not enforce an univerſall groane [plaine:
From ruinous man, and make the World com-
Yet I'le forbid my griefe to be prophane
In mention of thy prayſe; I'le ſpeake but truth
Yet write more honour than ere ſhin'd in youth.
I can relate thy buſineſſe here on earth,
Thy myſtery of life, thy nobleſt birth
Out-ſhin'd by nobler vertue: but how farre
Th' haſt tane thy journey 'bove the higheſt ſtar,
I cannot ſpeake, nor whether thou art in
Commiſſion with a Throne, or Cherubin.
Paſſe on triumphant in thy glorious way,
Till thou haſt reacht the place aſſign'd: we may
Without diſturbing the harmonious Spheares,
Bathe here below thy memory in our teares.
Ten dayes are paſt, ſince a dull wonder ſeis'd
My active ſoule: Loud ſtormes of ſighes are rais'd
By empty griefes; they who can utter it,
Doe no vent forth their ſorrow, but their wit.
I ſtood like *Niobe* without a grone,
Congeal'd into that monumentall ſtone
That doth lye over thee: I had no roome
For witty griefe, fit onely for thy tombe.
And friendſhips monument, thus had I ſtood;
But that the flame I beare thee, warm'd my blood
With a new life. Ile like a funerall fire
But burne a while to thee, and then expire.

Elegie, 2.

Albot is dead. Like lightning which no part
Oth' body touches, but firſt ſtrikes the heart,
This word hath murder'd me. Ther's not in all
The ſtocke of ſorrow, any charme can call
Death ſooner up. For muſiqu's in the breath
Of thunder, and a ſweetneſſe even ith' death
That brings with it, if you with this compare
All the loude noyſes, which torment the ayre.
They cure (Phyſitians ſay) the element
Sicke with dull vapors, and to baniſhment
Confine infections; but this fatall ſhreeke,
Without the leaſt redreſſe, is utter'd like
The laſt dayes ſummons, when Earths trophies lye
A ſcatter'd heape, and time it ſelfe muſt dye.
What now hath life to boaſt of? Can I have
A thought leſſe darke than th' horror of the grave
Now thou doſt dwell below? Wer't not a fault
Paſt pardon, to raiſe fancie 'bove thy vault?
Hayle Sacred houſe in which his reliques ſleepe?
Bleſt marble give me leave t' approach and weepe,
Theſe vowes to thee! for ſince great *Talbot's* gone
Downe to thy ſilence, I commerce with none
But thy pale people: and in that confute
Miſtaking man, that dead men are not mute.
Delicious beauty, lend thy flatter'd eare
Accuſtom'd to warme whiſpers, and thou'lt heare
How their cold language tels thee, that thy skin
Is but a beautious ſhrine, in which black ſin
Is Idoliz'd; thy eyes but Spheares where luſt
Hath its looſe motion; and thy end is duſt.
Great *Atlas* of the ſtate, deſcend with me.
But hither, and this vault ſhall furniſh thee
With more aviſo's, then thy coſtly ſpyes,
And ſhow how falſe are all thoſe myſteries
Thy Sect receives, and though thy pallace ſwell
With envied pride, 'tis here that thou muſt dwell.
It will inſtruct you, Courtier, that your Art

Of outward ſmoothneſſe and a rugged heart
But cheates your ſelf, and all thoſe ſubtill wayes
You tread to greatneſſe, is a fatall maze
Where you your ſelfe ſhall looſe, for though you breath
Vpward to pride, your center is beneath.
And 'twill thy Rhetorick falſe fleſh confound;
Which flatters thy fraile thoughts, no time can wound
This unarm'd frame. Here is true eloquence
Will teach my ſoule to triumph over ſence,
Which hath its period in a grave, and there
Showes what are all our pompous ſurſets here.
Great Orator! deare *Talbot*! Still, to thee
May I an auditor attentive be:
And pioufly maintaine the fame commerce
We held in life! and if in my rude verſe
I to the world may thy ſad precepts read:
I will on earth interpret for the dead.

Elegie, 3.

LEt me contemplate thee (faire ſoule) and though
I cannot tracke the way, which thou didſt goe
In thy cœleſtiall journey; and my heart
Expanſſion wants, to thinke what now thou art
How bright and wide thy glories; yet I may
Remember thee, as thou wert in thy clay.
Beſt object to my heart! what vertues be
Inherent even to the leaſt thought of thee!
Death which to th' vig'rous heate of youth brings feare
In its leane looke; doth like a Prince appeare,
Now glorious to my eye, ſince it poſſeſt
The wealthy empyre of that happie cheſt
Which harbours thy rich duſt; for how can he
Be thought a bank'rout that embraces thee?
Sad midnight whiſpers with a greedy eare
I catch from lonely graves, in hope to heare
Newes from the dead, nor can pale viſions fright
His eye, who ſince thy death feeles no delight
In mans acquaintance. Mem'ry of thy fate

Doth in me a ſublimer ſoule create.
And now my ſorrow followes thee, I tread
The milkie way, and ſee the ſnowie head
Of *Atlas* farre below, while all the high
Swolne buildings ſeeme but atomes to my eye.
I'me heighten'd by my ruine; and while I
Weepe ore the vault where the ſad aſhes lye,
My ſoule with thine doth hold commerce above;
Where we diſcerne the ſtratagems, which Love,
Hate, and ambition, uſe, to cozen man;
So fraile that every blaſt of honour can
Swell him above himſelfe, each, adverſe guſt
Him and his glories ſhiver into duſt.
How ſmall ſeemes greatneſſe here! How not a ſpan
His empire, who commands the Ocean.
Both that, which boaſts ſo much it's mighty ore
And th' other, which with pearle, hath pav'd its' ſhore
Nor can it greater ſeeme, when this great All
For which men quarrell ſo, is but a ball
Caſt downe into the ayre to ſport the ſtarres.
And all our generall ruines, mortall warres,
Depopulated ſtates, caus'd by their ſway;
And mans ſo reverend wiſedome but their play.
From thee, deare *Talbot*, living I did learne
The Arts of life, and by thy light diſcerne
The truth, which men diſpute. But by thee dead
I'me taught, upon the worlds gay pride to tread:
And that way ſooner maſter it, than he
To whom both th' Indies tributary be.

Elegie, 4.

MY name, dear friend, even thy expiring breath
Did call upon: affirming that thy death
Would wound my poor ſad heart. Sad it muſt be
Indeed, loſt to all thoughts of mirth in thee.
My Lord, if I with licence of your teares,
(Which your great brother's hearſe as dyamonds weares
T' enrich deaths glory) may but ſpeake my owne:

Ile prove it, that no ſorrow ere was knowne
Reall as mine. All other mourners keepe
In griefe a method: without forme I weepe.
The ſonne (rich in his fathers fate) hath eyes
Wet juſt as long as are the obſequies.
The widow formerly a yeare doth ſpend
In her ſo courtly blackes. But for a Friend
We weepe an age, and more than th' Achorit, have
Our very thoughts confin'd within a Grave.
Chaſt Love who hadſt thy tryumph in my flame
And thou *Caſtara* who had hadſt a name,
But for this ſorrow glorious: Now my verſe
Is loſt to you, and onely on *Talbots* herſe
Sadly attends. And till times fatall hand
Ruines, what's left of Churches, there ſhall ſtand.
There to thy ſelfe, deare *Talbot*, Ile repeate
Thy owne brave ſtory; tell thy ſelfe how great
Thou wert in thy mindes Empire, and how all
Who out-live thee, ſee but the Funerall
Of glory: and if yet ſome vertuous be,
They but weake apparitions are of thee.
So ſetled were thy thoughts, each action ſo
Diſcreetely ordered, that nor ebbe nor flow
Was ere perceiv'd in thee: each word mature
And every ſceane of life from ſinne ſo pure
That ſcarce in its whole hiſtory, we can
Finde vice enough, to ſay thou wert but man.
Horror to ſay thou wert! Curſt that we muſt
Addreſſe our language to a little duſt,
And ſeeke for *Talbot* there. Injurious fate,
To lay my lifes ambition deſolate.
Yet thus much comfort have I, that I know,
Not how it can give ſuch another blow.

Elegie, 5.

Haſt as the Nuns firſt vow, as fairely bright
As when by death her Soule ſhines in full light
Freed from th' Eclipſe of earth, each word that
From thee (deare *Talbot*) did beget a flame [came

T' enkindle vertue: which ſo faire by thee
Became, man, that blind mole, her face did ſee.
But now t'our eye ſhe's loſt, and if ſhe dwell
Yet on the earth; ſhe 's coffin'd in the cell
Of ſome cold Hermit; who ſo keepes her there,
As if of her the old man jealous were.
Nor ever ſhowes her beauty, but to ſome
Carthuſian, who even by his vow, is dumbe!
So 'mid the yce of the farre Northern ſea,
A ſtarre about the Articke Circle, may
Then ours yeeld clearer light; yet that but ſhall
Serve at the frozen Pilots funerall.
Thou (brighteſt conſtellation) to this maine
Which all we finners traffique on, didſt daigne
The bounty of thy fire, which with ſo cleare
And conſtant beames did our frayle veſſels ſteare,
That ſafely we, what ſtorme ſo ere bore ſway,
Paſt ore the rugged Alpes of th' angry Sea.
But now we ſayle at randome. Every rocke
The folly doth of our ambition mocke
And ſplits our hopes: To every Sirens breath
We liſten and even court the face of death,
If painted ore by pleaſure: Every wave
Iſt hath delight w' embrace though 't prove a grave:
So ruinous is the defect of thee,
To th' undone world in gen'rall. But to me
Who liv'd one life with thine, drew but one breath,
Poſſeſt with th' ſame mind and thoughts, 'twas death.
And now by fate: I but my ſelfe ſurvive,
To keepe his mem'ry, and my griefes alive.
Where ſhall I then begin to weepe? No grove
Silent and darke, but is prophan'd by Love:
With his warme whiſpers, and faint idle feares,
His buſie hopes, loud ſighes, and cauſeleſſe teares
Each eare is ſo enchanted; that no breath
Is liſtned to, which mockes report of death.
I'le turne my griefe then inward and deplore
My ruine to my ſelfe, repeating ore
The ſtory of his vertues; untill I
Not write, but am my ſelfe his Elegie.

Elegie, 6.

GOe ſtop the ſwift-wing'd moments in their flight
To their yet unknowne coaſt, goe hinder night
From its approach on day, and force day riſe
From the faire Eaſt of ſome bright beauties eyes:
Elſe vaunt not the proud miracle of verſe.
It hath no powre. For mine from his blacke herſe
Redeemes not *Talbot*, who cold as the breath
Of winter, coffin'd lyes; ſilent as death,
Stealing on th' Anch'rit, who even wants an eare
To breath into his ſoft expiring prayer.
For had thy life beene by thy vertues ſpun
Out to a length, thou hadſt out-liv'd the Sunne
And clos'd the worlds great eye: or were not all
Our wonders fiction, from thy funerall
Thou hadſt received new life, and liv'd to be
The conqueror o're death, inſpir'd by me.
But all we Poets glory in, is vaine
And empty triumph: Art cannot regaine
One poore houre loſt, nor reskew a ſmall flye
By a fooles finger deſtinate to dye.
Live then in thy true life (great ſoule) for ſet
At liberty by death thou oweſt no debt
T' exacting Nature: Live, freed from the ſport
Of time and fortune in yand' ſtarry court
A glorious Potentate, while we below
But faſhion wayes to mitigate our woe.
We follow campes, and to our hopes propoſe
Th' inſulting victor; not remembring thoſe
Diſmembred trunkes who gave him victory
By a loath'd fate: We covetous Merchants be
And to our aymes pretend treaſure and ſway,
Forgetfull of the treaſons of the Sea.
The ſhootings of a wounded conſcience
We patiently ſuſtaine to ſerve our ſence
With a ſhort pleaſure; So we empire gaine
And rule the fate of buſineſſe, the ſad paine

Of action we contemne, and the affright
Which with pale viſions ſtill attends our night.
Our joyes falſe apparitions, but our feares
Are certaine prophecies. And till our eares
Reach that cæleſtiall muſique, which thine now
So cheerefully receive, we muſt allow
No comfort to our griefes: from which to be
Exempted, is in death to follow thee.

Elegie, 7.

THere is no peace in ſinne. Æternall war
Doth rage 'mong vices. But all vertues are
Friends 'mong themſelves, and choiſeſt accents
Harſh Eccho's of their heavenly harmonie. [be
While thou didſt live we did that union finde
In the ſo faire republick of thy mind,
Where diſcord never ſwel'd. And as we dare
Affirme thoſe goodly ſtructures, temples are
Where well-tun'd quires ſtrike zeale into the eare:
The muſique of thy ſoule made us ſay, there
God had his Altars; every breath a ſpice
And each religious act a ſacrifice.
But death hath that demoliſht. All our eye
Of thee now ſees doth like a Cittie lye
Raz'd by the cannon. Where is then that flame
That added warmth and beauty to thy frame?
Fled heaven-ward to repaire, with its pure fire
The loſſes of ſome maim'd Seraphick quire?
Or hovers it beneath, the world t' uphold
From generall ruine, and expell that cold
Dull humor weakens it? If ſo it be;
My ſorrow yet muſt prayſe fates charity.
But thy example (if kinde heaven had daignd
Frailty that favour) had mankind regaind
To his firſt purity. For that the wit
Of vice, might not except 'gainſt th' Ancherit
As too to ſtrickt; thou didſt uncloyſter'd live:
Teaching the ſoule by what preſervative,

She may from ſinnes contagion live ſecure,
Though all the ayre ſhe ſuckt in, were impure.
In this darke miſt of error with a cleare
Vnſpotted light, thy vertue did appeare
T' obrayd corrupted man. How could the rage
Of untam'd luſt have ſcorcht decrepit age;
Had it ſeene thy chaſt youth? Who could the wealth
Of time have ſpent in ryot, or his health
By ſurfeits forfeited; if he had ſeene
What temperance had in thy dyet beene?
What glorious foole had vaunted honours bought
By gold or practiſe, or by rapin brought
From his fore-fathers, had he underſtood
How *Talbot* valued not his owne great blood!
Had Politicians ſeene him ſcorning more
The unſafe pompe of greatneſſe, then the poore
Thatcht roofes of ſhepheards, where th' unruly wind
(A gentler ſtorme than pride) uncheckt doth find
Still free admittance: their pale labors had
Beene to be good, not to be great and bad.
But he is loſt in a blind vault, and we
Muſt not admire though ſinnes now frequent be
And uncontrol'd: Since thoſe faire tables where
The Law was writ by death now broken are,
By death extinguiſht is that Star, whoſe light
Did ſhine ſo faithfull: that each ſhip ſayl'd right
Which ſteer'd by that. Nor marvell then if we,
(That ſailing) loſt in this worlds tempeſt be.
But to what Orbe ſo ere thou doſt retyre,
Far from our ken: tis bleſt, while by thy fire
Enlighten'd. And ſince thou muſt never here
Be ſeene againe: may I ore-take thee there.

Elegie, 8.

BOaſt not the rev'rend Vatican, nor all
The cunning Pompe of the Eſcuriall. [room
Though there both th' Indies met in each ſmal
Th' are ſhort in treaſure of this precious tombe.

Here is th' Epitome of wealth, this cheſt
Is Natures chiefe Exchequer, hence the Eaſt
When it is purified by th' generall fire
Shall ſee theſe now pale aſhes ſparkle higher
Then all the gems ſhe vants: tranſcending far
In fragrant luſtre the bright morning ſtar.
Tis true, they now ſeeme darke. But rather we
Have by a cataract loſt ſight, then he
Though dead his glory. So to us blacke night
Brings darkeneſſe, when the Sun retaines his light.
Thou eclips'd duſt! Expecting breake of day
From the thicke miſts about thy Tombe, I'le pay
Like the juſt Larke, the tribute of my verſe
I will invite thee, from thy envious herſe
To riſe, and 'bout the World thy beames to ſpread,
That we may ſee, there's brightneſſe in the dead.
My zeale deludes me not. What perfumes come
From th' happy vault? In her ſweete martyrdome
The nard breathes never ſo, nor ſo the roſe
When the enamor'd Spring by kiſſing blowes
Soft bluſhes on her cheeke, nor th' early Eaſt
Vying with Paradice, ith' Phœnix neſt.
Theſe gentle perfumes uſher in the day
Which from the night of his diſcolour'd clay
Breakes on the ſudden: for a Soule ſo bright
Of force muſt to her earth contribute light.
But if w' are ſo far blind, we cannot ſee
The wonder of this truth; yet let us be
Not infidels: nor like dull Atheiſts give
Our ſelves ſo long to luſt, till we believe
(T' allay the griefe of ſinne) that we ſhall fall
To a loath'd nothing in our Funerall.
The bad mans death is horror. But the juſt
Keepe ſomething of his glory in his duſt.

FINIS.

CASTARA:

THE

THIRD PART.

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A Holy Man

S onely Happie. For infelicity and ſinne were borne twinnes; Or rather like ſome prodigie with two bodies, both draw and expire the ſame breath. Catholique faith is the foundation on which he erects Religion; knowing it a ruinous madneſſe to build in the ayre of a private ſpirit, or on the ſands of any new ſchiſme. His impietie is not ſo bold to bring divinity downe to the miſtake of reaſon, or to deny thoſe miſteries his apprehenſion reacheth not. His obedience moves ſtill by direction of the Magiſtrate: And ſhould conſcience informe him that the command is unjust; he judgeth it nevertheleſſe high treaſon by rebellion to make good his tenets; as it were the baſeſt cowardize, by diſsimulation of religion, to preſerve temporall reſpects. Hee knowes humane pollicie but a crooked rule of action: and therefore by a diſtrust of his owne knowledge attaines it: Confounding with ſupernaturall illumination, the opinionated judgment of the wife. In prosperity he gratefully admires the bounty of the Almighty giver, and uſeth, not abuſeth plenty: But in adverſity hee remaines unſhaken, and like ſome eminent mountaine hath his head above the clouds. For his happineſſe is not meteor-like exhaled from the vapors of this world; but ſhines a fixt ſtarre, which when by misfortune it appeares to fall,

onely caſts away the ſlimie matter. Poverty he neither feares nor covets, but cheerefully entertaines; imagining it the fire which tries vertue: Nor how tyrannically ſoever it uſurpe on him, doth he pay to it a ſigh or wrinckle: for he who ſuffers want without reluctancie, may be poore not miſerable. He ſees the covetous prosper by uſury, yet waxeth not leane with envie: and when the proſperitie of the impious flouriſh, he queſtiones not the divine justice; for temporall rewards diſtinguiſh not ever the merits of men: and who hath beene of councel with the Æternall? Fame he weighes not, but eſteemes a ſmoake, yet ſuch as carries with it the ſweeteſt odour, and riſeth uſually from the Sacrifice of our beſt actions. Pride he diſdaines, when he findes it ſwelling in himſelfe; but eaſily forgiveth it in another: Nor can any mans error in life, make him ſinne in cenſure, ſince ſeldome the folly we condemne is ſo culpable as the ſeverity of our judgement. He doth not malice the over-ſpreading growth of his equalls: but pitties, not deſpiſeth the fall of any man: Eſteeming yet no ſtorme of fortune dangerous, but what is rais'd through our owne demerit. When he lookes on others vices, he values not himſelfe vertuous by compariſon, but examines his owne defects, and findes matter enough at home for reprehenſion: In converſation his carriage is neither plauſible to flattery, nor reſerv'd to rigor: but ſo demeanes himſelfe as created for ſocietie. In ſolitude he remembers his better part is Angelicall; and therefore his minde practiſeth the beſt diſcourſe without aſſiſtance of inferiour Organs. Luſt is the Baſiliske he flyes, a Serpent of the moſt deſtroying venome: for it

blaſts al plants with the breath, and carries the moſt murdering Artillery in the eye: He is ever merry but ſtill modeſt. Not diſſolved into undecent laughter, or trickled with wit ſcurrilous or injurious. He cunningly ſearcheth into the vertues of others, and liberally commends them: but buries the vices of the imperfect in a charitable ſilence, whoſe manners he reformes not by invectives but example: In prayer he is frequent not apparent: yet as he labours not the opinion, ſo he feares not the ſcandall of being thought good. He every day travailes his meditations up to heaven, and never findes himſelf wearied with the journey: but when the neceſſities of nature returne him downe to earth, he eſteemes it a place, hee is condemned to. Devotion is his Miſtreſſe on which he is paſsionately enamord: for that he hath found the moſt Soveraigne antidote aga[i]nſt ſinne, and the onley balſome powerfull to cure thoſe wounds hee hath receav'd through frailety. To live he knowes a benefit, and the contempt of it ingratitude, and therefore loves, but not doates on life. Death how deformed ſoever an aſpect it weares, he is not frighted with: ſince it not annihilates, but uncloudes the ſoule. He therefore ſtands every movement prepared to dye: and though he freely yeelds up himſelf, when age or ſickneſſe ſommon him; yet he with more alacritie puts off his earth, when the profeſsion of faith crownes him a martyr.

Domine labia mea aperies DAVID.

NOe monument of me remaine,
My mem'orie ruſt
In the ſame marble with my duſt:
Ere I the ſpreadingſt Laurell gaine,
By writing wanton or profane.

Ye glorious wonders of the skies,
Shine ſtill bright ſtarres,
Th' Almighties myſtick Characters!
Ile not your beautious lights ſurpriſe
T' illuminate a womans eyes.

Nor to perfume her veins, will I
In each one ſet
The purple of the violet.
The untoucht flowre may grow and dye
Safe from my fancies injurie.

Open my lippes, great God! and then
Ile ſoare above
The humble flight of carnall love.
Vpward to thee Ile force my pen,
And trace no path of vulgar men.

For what can our unbounded ſoules
Worthy to be
Their obiect finde, excepting thee?
Where can I fixe? ſince time controules
Our pride, whoſe motion all things roules.

Should I my ſelfe ingratiate
T' a Princes ſmile;
How ſoone may death my hopes beguile?
And ſhould I farme the proudeſt ſtate,
I'me Tennant to uncertaine fate.

If I court gold; will it not ruſt?
And if my love
Toward a female beauty move;

How will that ſurfet of our luſt
Diſtaſt us, when reſolv'd to duſt?

But thou Æternall banquet! where
For ever we
May feede without ſatietie!
Who harmonie art to the eare,
Who art, while all things elſe appeare!

While up to thee I ſhoote my flame
Thou doſt diſpence
A holy death, that murders ſence,
And makes me ſcorne all pompes, that ayme
All other triumphs than thy name.

It crownes me with a victory
So heavenly, all
That's earth from me away doth fall.
And I, from my corruption free,
Grow in my vowes even part of thee.

Verſa eſt in luctum cythara mea. IOB.

LOve! I no orgies ſing
Whereby thy mercies to invoke:
Nor from the Eaſt rich perfumes bring
To cloude the Altars with thy precious ſmoake.

Nor while I did frequent
Thoſe ſanes by lovers rais'd to thee:
Did I looſe heatheniſh rites invent,
To force a bluſh from injur'd Chaſtitie.

Religious was the charme
I uſed affection to intice:
And thought none burnt more bright or warme,
Yet chaſte as winter was the Sacrifice.

But now I thee bequeath
To the ſoft ſilken youths at Court:
Who may their witty paſſions breath,
To raiſe their Miſtreſſe ſmile, or make her ſport.

They'le ſmooth thee into rime,
Such as ſhall catch the wanton eare:
And win opinion with the time,
To make them a high ſayle of honour beare.

And may a powerfull ſmile
Cheriſh their flatteries of wit!
While I my life of fame beguile
And under my owne vine uncourted ſit.

For I have ſeene the Pine
Famed for its travels ore the Sea:
Broken with ſtormes and age decline,
And in ſome creeke unpittied rot away.

I have ſeene Cædars fall,
And in their roome a Muſhrome grow:
I have ſeene Comets, threatning all,
Vaniſh themſelves: I have ſeene Princes ſo.

Vaine triviall duſt! weake man!
Where is that vertue of thy breath,
That others ſave or ruine can,
When thou thy ſelfe art cal'd t'account by death?

When I conſider thee
The ſcorne of Time, and ſport of fate:
How can I turne to jollitie
My ill-ſtrung Harpe, and court the delicate?

How can I but diſdaine
The emptie fallacies of mirth;
And in my midnight thoughts retaine,
How high ſo ere I ſpread, my root's in earth?

Fond youth! too long I playd
The wanton with a falſe delight.
Which when I toucht, I found a ſhade
That onely wrought on th' error of my ſight.

Then ſince pride doth betray
The ſoule to flatter'd ignorance:
I from the World will ſteale away
And by humility my thoughts advance.

Perdam Sapientiam Sapientum

To the Right Honorable the Lord *Windſor.*

My Lord,

Orgive my envie to the World; while I
Commend thoſe ſober thoughts, perſwade you fly
The glorious troubles of the Court. For though
The vale lyes open to each overflow,
And in the humble ſhade we gather ill
And aguiſh ayres: yet lightnings oftner kill
Oth' naked heights of mountaines, whereon we
May have more proſpect, not ſecuritie.
For when with loſſe of breath, we have orecome
Some ſteepe aſcent of power, and forc'd a roome
On the ſo envi'd hill; how doe our hearts
Pant with the labour, and how many arts
More ſubtle muſt we practiſe, to defend
Our pride from ſliding, then we did t' aſcend?
How doth ſucceſſe delude the myſteries
And all th' involv'd deſignements of the wiſe?
How doth that Power, our Pollitickes call chance,
Racke them till they confeſſe the ignorance
Of humane wit? Which, when 'tis fortified
So ſtrong with reaſon that it doth deride
All adverſe force oth' ſudden findes its head
Intangled in a ſpiders ſlender thread.
Cœleſtiall Providence! How thou doſt mocke
The boaſt of earthly wiſdome? On ſome rocke
When man hath a ſtructure, with ſuch art,
It doth diſdaine to tremble at the dart
Of thunder, or to ſhrinke oppos'd by all
The angry winds, it of it ſelfe doth fall,
Ev'n in a calme ſo gentle that no ayre
Breaths loude enough to ſtirre a Virgins haire!
But miſery of judgement: Though paſt time
Inſtruct us by th' ill fortune of their crimes,
And ſhew us how we may ſecure our ſtate
From pittied ruine, by anothers fate;
Yet we contemning all ſuch ſad advice,

Purſue to build though on a precipice.
But you (my Lord) prevented by foreſight
To engage your ſelfe to ſuch an unſafe height,
And in your ſelfe both great and rich enough
Refuſed t'expoſe your veſſell to the rough
Vncertaine ſea of buſineſſe: whence even they
Who make the beſt returne, are forc't to ſay:
The wealth we by our worldly traffique gaine,
Weighes light if ballanc'd with the feare or paine.

Paucitatem dierum meorum nuncia mihi. DAVID.

TEll me O great All knowing God!
What period
Haſt thou unto my dayes aſſign'd?
Like ſome old leafeleſſe tree, ſhall I
Wither away: or violently
Fall by the axe, by lightning, or the Wind?
Heere, where I firſt drew vitall breath
Shall I meete death?
And finde in the ſame vault a roome
Where my fore-fathers aſhes ſleepe?
Or ſhall I dye, where none ſhall weepe
My timeleſſe fate, and my cold earth intombe?
Shall I 'gainſt the ſwift *Parthians* fight
And in their flight
Receive my death? Or ſhall I ſee
That envied peace, in which we are
Triumphant yet, diſturb'd by warre;
And periſh by th' invading enemie?
Aſtrologers, who calculate
Vncertaine fate
Affirme my ſcheme doth not preſage
Any abridgement of my dayes:
And the Phiſitian gravely ſayes,
I may enjoy a reverent length of age.
But they are jugglers, and by ſlight
Of art the ſight
Of faith delude: and in their ſchoole

They onely practiſe how to make
A miſtery of each miſtake,
And teach ſtrange words, credulity to foole.

For thou who firſt didſt motion give,
Whereby things live
And Time hath being! to conceale
Future events didſt thinke it fit
To checke th' ambition of our wit,
And keepe in awe the curious ſearch of zeale.

Therefore ſo I prepar'd ſtill be,
My God for thee:
Oth' ſudden on my ſpirits may
Some killing Apoplexie ſeize,
Or let me by a dull diſeaſe
Or weakened by a feeble age decay.

And ſo I in thy favour dye,
No memorie
For me a well-wrought tombe prepare,
For if my ſoule be 'mong the bleſt
Though my poore aſhes want a cheſt,
I ſhall forgive the treſpaſſe of my heire.

Non nobis Domine. DAVID.

NO marble ſtatue, nor high
Aſpiring Piramid be rays'd
To loſe its head within the skie!
What claime have I to memory?
God be thou onely prais'd!

Thou in a moment canſt defeate
The mighty conqueſts of the proude,
And blaſt the laurels of the great.
Thou canſt make brighteſt glorie ſet
Oth' ſudden in a cloude.

How can the feeble workes of Art
Hold out 'gainſt the aſſault of ſtormes?
Or how can braſſe to him impart
Sence of ſurviving fame, whoſe heart
Is now reſolv'd to wormes?

Blinde folly of triumphing pride!
Æternitie why buildſt thou here?
Doſt thou not ſee the higheſt tide
Its humbled ſtreame in th' Ocean hide,
And nere the ſame appeare?

That tide which did its banckes ore-flow,
As ſent abroad by the angry ſea
To levell vaſteſt buildings low,
And all our Trophies overthrow;
Ebbes like a theefe away.

And thou who to preſerve thy name
Leav'ſt ſtatues in ſome conquer'd land!
How will poſterity ſcorne fame,
When th' Idoll ſhall receive a maime,
And looſe a foote or hand?

How wilt thou hate thy warres, when he
Who onely for his hire did raiſe
Thy counterfet in ſtone; with thee
Shall ſtand Competitor: and be
Perhapes thought worthier praiſe?

No Laurell wreath about my brow!
To thee, my God, all praiſe, whoſe law
The conquer'd doth and conqueror bow!
For both diſſolve to ayre, if thou
Thy influence but withdraw.

Solum mihi ſupereſt ſepulchrum. IOB.

WElcome thou ſafe retreate!
Where th' injured man may fortifie
Gainſt the invaſions of the great:
Where the leane ſlave, who th' Oare doth plye,
Soft as his Admirall may lye.

Great Statiſt! tis your doome
Though your deſignes ſwell high, and wide
To be contracted in a tombe!
And all your happie cares provide
But for your heire authorized pride.

Nor ſhall your ſhade delight
Ith' pompe of your proud obſequies.
And ſhould the preſent flatterie write
A glorious Epitaph, the wiſe
Will ſay, The Poets wit here lyes.

How reconcil'd to fate
Will grow the aged Villager,
When he ſhall ſee your funerall ſtate?
Since death will him as warme inter
As you in your gay ſepulcher.

The great decree of God
Makes every path of mortals lead
To this darke common period.
For what by wayes ſo ere we tread,
We end our journey 'mong the dead.

Even I, while humble zeale
Makes fancie a ſad truth indite,
Inſenſible a way doe ſteale:
And when I'me loſt in deaths cold night,
Who will remember, now I write?

Et fugit velut umbra. IOB.

To the Right Honourable the Lord *Kintyre.*

My Lord

WHat ſhadow your faire body made
So full of ſport it ſtill the mimick playde
Ev'n as you mov'd and look'd but yeſterday
So huge in ſtature; Night hath ſtolen away.
And this is th' emblem of our life: To pleaſe
And flatter which, we ſayle ore broken ſeas
Vnfaithfull in their rockes and tides; we dare
All the ſicke humors of a forraine ayre.
And mine ſo deepe in earth, as we would trie
To unlocke hell, ſhould gold there hoarded lie.
But when we have built up a ædefice
T' outwraſtle Time, we have but built on ice:
For firme however all our ſtructures be,
Poliſht with ſmootheſt Indian Ivory,

Rais'd high on marble, our unthankfull heire
Will ſcarce retaine in memory, that we were.
Tracke through the ayre the footeſteps of the wind,
And ſearch the print of ſhips ſayl'd by; then finde
Where all the glories of thoſe Monarchs be
Who bore ſuch ſway in the worlds infancie.
Time hath devour'd them all: and ſcarce can fame
Give an account, that ere they had a name.
How can he then who doth the world controle
And ſtrikes a terror now in either Pole,
Th' inſulting Turke ſecure himſelf that he
Shall not be loſt to dull Poſterity?
And though the Superſtition of thoſe Times
Which deified Kings to warrant their owne crimes
Tranſlated Cæſar to a ſtarre; yet they,
Who every Region of the skie Survay;
In their Cœleſtiall travaile, that bright coaſt
Could nere diſcover which containes his ghoſt.
And after death to make that awe ſurvive
Which ſubjects owe their Princes yet alive,
Though they build pallaces of braſſe and jet
And keepe them living in a counterfet;
The curious looker on ſoone paſſes by
And findes the tombe a ſickeneſſe to his eye.
Neither when once the ſoule is gone doth all
The ſolemne triumph of the funerall
Adde to her glory or her paine releaſe:
Then all the pride of warre, and wealth of peace
For which we toild, from us abſtracted be
And onely ſerve to ſwell the hiſtory.
  Theſe are ſad thoughts (my Lord) and ſuch as fright
The eaſie ſoule made tender with delight,
Who thinkes that he hath forfetted that houre
Which addes not to his pleaſure or his powre.
But by the friendſhip which your Lordſhip daignes
Your Servant, I have found your judgement raignes
Above all paſſion in you: and that fence
Could never yet demoliſh that ſtrong fence
Which Vertue guards you with: By which you are
Triumphant in the beſt, the inward warre.

Nox nocti indicat Scientiam. DAVID.

Hen I ſurvay the bright
Cœleſtiall ſpheare:
So rich with jewels hung, that night
Doth like an Æthiop bride appeare.

My ſoule her wings doth ſpread
And heaven-ward flies,
Th' Almighty's Myſteries to read
In the large volumes of the skies.

For the bright firmament
Shootes forth no flame
So ſilent, but is eloquent
In ſpeaking the Creators name.

No unregarded ſtar
Contracts its light
Into ſo ſmall a Charactar,
Remov'd far from our humane ſight:

But if we ſtedfaſt looke,
We ſhall diſcerne
In it as in ſome holy booke,
How man may heavenly knowledge learne.

It tells the Conqueror,
That farre-ſtretcht powre
Which his proud dangers traffique for,
Is but the triumph of an houre.

That from the fartheſt North;
Some Nation may
Yet undiſcovered iſſue forth,
And ore his new got conqueſt ſway.

Some Nation yet ſhut in
With hils of ice
May be let out to ſcourge his ſinne
'Till they ſhall equall him in vice.

And then they likewiſe ſhall
Their ruine have,
For as your ſelves your Empires fall,
And every Kingdome hath a grave.

Thus thoſe Cœleſtiall fires,
Though ſeeming mute
The fallacie of our deſires
And all the pride of life confute.

For they have watcht ſince firſt
The World had birth:
And found ſinne in it ſelfe accurſt,
And nothing permanent on earth.

Et alta a longè cognoſcit. DAVID.

O the cold humble hermitage
(Not tenanted but by diſcoloured age,
Or youth enfeebled by long prayer
And tame with faſts) th' Almighty doth repaire.
But from the lofty gilded roofe
Stain'd with ſome Pagan fiction, keepes a looſe.
Nor the gay Landlord daignes to know
Whoſe buildings are like Monſters but for ſhow.
Ambition! whither wilt thee climbe,
Knowing thy art, the mockery of time?
Which by examples tells the high
Rich ſtructures, they muſt as their owners dye:
And while they ſtand, their tennants are
Detraction, flattry, wantonneſſe, and care,
Pride, envie, arrogance, and doubt,
Surfet, and eaſe ſtill tortured by the gout.
O rather may I patient dwell
In th' injuries of an ill-cover'd cell!
'Gainſt whoſe too weake defence the haile,
The angry winds, and frequent ſhowres prevaile.
Where the ſwift meaſures of the day,
Shall be diſtinguiſht onely as I pray:
And ſome ſtarres ſolitary light
Be the ſole taper to the tedious night.
The neighbo'ring fountaine (not accurſt
Like wine with madneſſe) ſhall allay my thirſt:
And the wilde fruites of Nature give
Dyet enough, to let me feele I feele, I live.
You wantons! who impoveriſh Seas,

And th' ayre diſpeople, your proud taſte to pleaſe!
A greedy tyrant you obey
Who varies ſtill its tribute with the day.
What intereſt doth all the vaine
Cunning of ſurfet to your ſences gaine?
Since it obſcure the Spirit muſt
And bow the fleſh to ſleep diſeaſe or luſt.
While who forgetting reſt and fare;
Watcheth the fall and riſing of each ſtarre,
Ponders how bright the orbes doe move,
And thence how much more bright the heav'ns above
Where on the heads of Cherubins
Th' Almightie ſits diſdaining our bold ſinnes:
Who while on th' earth we groveling lye
Dare in our pride of building tempt the skie.

Univerſum ſt[r]atum ejus verſaſti in infirmitate ejus. DAVID.

MY Soule! When thou and I
Shall on our frighted death-bed lye;
Each moment watching when pale death
Shall ſnatch away our lateſt breath,
And 'tweene two long joyn'd Lovers force
An endleſſe ſad divorce:

How wilt thou then? that art
My rationall and nobler part,
Diſtort thy thoughts? How wilt thou try
To draw from weake Philoſophie
Some ſtrength: and flatter thy poor ſtate,
'Cauſe tis the common fate?

How wilt thy ſpirits pant
And tremble when they feele the want
Of th' uſuall organs; and that all
The vitall powers begin to fall?
When 'tis decreed, that thou muſt goe,
Yet whither; who can know?

How fond and idle then
Will ſeeme the miſteries of men?

How like ſome dull ill-acted part
The ſubtleſt of proud humane art?
How ſhallow ev'n the deepeſt ſea,
When thus we ebbe away?

But how ſhall I (that is
My fainting earth) looke pale at this?
Disjointed on the racke of paine.
How ſhall I murmur, how complaine;
And craving all the ayde of skill,
Finde none, but what muſt kill?

Which way ſo ere my griefe
Doth throw my ſight to court releefe,
I ſhall but meete deſpaire; for all
Will propheſie my funerall:
The very ſilence of the roome
Will repreſent a tombe.

And while my Childrens teares,
My Wives vaine hopes, but certaine feares,
And councells of Divines advance
Death in each dolefull circumſtance:
I ſhall even a ſad mourner be
At my owne obſequie.

For by examples I
Muſt know that others ſorrowes dye
Soone as our ſelves, and none ſurvive
To keepe our memories alive.
Even our fals tombes, as loath to ſay
We once had life, decay.

Laudate Dominum de cœlis. DAVID.

YOu Spirits! who have throwne away
That enveous weight of clay
Which your cæleſtiall flight denyed:
Who by your glorious troopes ſupply
The winged Hierarchie,
So broken in the Angells pride!

O you! whom your Creators ſight
Inebriates with delight!
Sing forth the triumphs of his name
All you enamord ſoules! agree
In a loud ſymphonie:
To give expreſſions to your flame!

To him, his owne great workes relate,
Who daign'd to elevate
You 'bove the frailtie of your birth:
Where you ſtand ſafe from that rude warre,
With which we troubled are
By the rebellion of our earth.

While a corrupted ayre beneath
Here in this World we breath
Each houre ſome paſſion us aſſailes:
Now luſt caſts wild-fire in the blood,
Or that it may ſeeme good,
It ſelfe in wit or beauty vailes.

Then envie circles us with hate,
And lays a ſiege ſo ſtreight,
No heavenly ſuccor enters in:
But if Revenge admittance finde,
For ever hath the mind
Made forfeit of it ſelfe to ſinne.

Aſſaulted thus, how dare we raiſe
Our mindes to thinke his praiſe,
Who is Æternall and immens?
How dare we force our feeble wit
To ſpeake him infinite,
So farre above the ſearch of ſence?

O you! who are immaculate
His name may celebrate
In your ſoules bright expanſion.
You whom your vertues did unite
To his perpetuall light,
That even with him you now ſhine one.

While we who t' earth contract our hearts,
And onely ſtudie Arts
To ſhorten the ſad length of Time:
In place of joyes bring humble feares:
For hymnes, repentant teares
And a new ſigh for every crime.

Qui quaſi flos egreditur.

To the Right Honourable, the Lady *Cat. T.*

FAire Madame! You
May ſee what's man in yond' bright roſe.
Though it the wealth of Nature owes,
It is oppreſt, and bends with dew.

Which ſhewes, though fate
May promiſe ſtill to warme our lippes,
And keepe our eyes from an ecclips;
It will our pride with teares abate.

Poor ſilly flowre!
Though in thy beauty thou preſume,
And breath which doth the ſpring perfume;
Thou may'ſt be cropt this very houre.

And though it may
Then thy good fortune be, to reſt
Oth' pillow of ſome Ladies breſt;
Thou'lt whither, and be throwne away.

For 'tis thy doome
However, that there ſhall appeare
No memory that thou grew'ſt heere,
Ere the tempeſtuous winter come.

But fleſh is loath
By meditation to fore ſee
How loath'd a nothing it muſt be:
Proud in the triumphes of its growth.

And tamely can
Behold this mighty world decay
And weare by th' age of time away:
Yet not diſcourſe the fall of man.

But Madam theſe
Are thoughts to cure ſicke humane pride.
And med'cines are in vaine applyed.
To bodies far 'bove all diſeaſe.

For you ſo live
As th' Angels in one perfect ſtate;
Safe from the ruines of our fate,
By vertues great preſervative.

And though we ſee
Beautie enough to warme each heart;
Yet you by a chaſte Chimicke Art,
Calcine fraile love to pietie.

Quid gloriaris in malicia? DAVID.

Well no more proud man, ſo high!
For enthron'd where ere you ſit
Rais'd by fortune, ſinne and wit:
In a vault thou duſt muſt lye.
He who's lifted up by vice
Hath a neighb'ring precipice
Dazeling his diſtorted eye.

Shallow is that unſafe ſea
Over which you ſpread your ſaile:
And the Barke you truſt to, fraile
As the Winds it muſt obey.
Miſchiefe, while it proſpers, brings
Favour from the ſmile of Kings;
Vſeleſſe ſoone is throwne away.

Profit, though ſinne it extort,
Princes even accounted good,
Courting greatneſſe nere withſtood,

Since it Empire doth ſupport.
But when death makes them repent
They condemne the inſtrument,
And are thought Religious for 't.

Pitch'd downe from that height you beare,
How diſtracted will you lye;
When your flattering Clients flye
As your fate infectious were?
When of all th' obſequious throng
That mov'd by your eye and tongue,
None ſhall in the ſtorme appeare?

When that abject inſolence
(Which ſubmits to the more great,
And diſdaines the weaker ſtate,
As misfortune were offence)
Shall at Court be judged a crime
Though in practiſe, and the Time
Purchaſe wit at your expence.

Each ſmall tempeſt ſhakes the proud;
Whoſe large branches vainely ſprout
'Bove the meaſure of the roote.
But let ſtormes ſpeake nere ſo loud,
And th' aſtoniſht day benight;
Yet the juſt ſhines in a light
Faire as noone without a cloud.

Deus Deus Meus. DAVID.

WHere is that foole Philoſophie,
That bedlam Reaſon, and that beaſt dull ſence;
Great God! when I conſider thee
Omnipotent, Æternall, and imens?
Vnmov'd thou didſt behold the pride
Of th' Angels, when they to defection fell?
And without paſſion didſt provide
To puniſh treaſon, rackes and death in hell.
Thy Word created this great All,

Ith' lower part whereof we wage ſuch warres :
The upper bright and ſphæricall
By purer bodies tenanted, the ſtarres.
And though ſixe dayes it thee did pleaſe
To build this frame, the ſeventh for reſt aſſigne ;
Yet was it not thy paine or eaſe,
But to teach man the quantities of Time.
This world ſo mighty and ſo faire,
So 'bove the reach of all dimenſion :
If to thee God we ſhould compare,
Is not the ſlenderſt atome to the Sun.
What then am I poore nothing man !
That elevate my voyce and ſpeake of thee ?
Since no imagination can
Diſtinguiſh part of thy immenſitie ?
What am I who dare call thee God !
And raiſe my fancie to diſcourſe thy power ?
To whom duſt is the period,
Who am not ſure to farme this very houre ?
For how know I the lateſt ſand
In my fraile glaſſe of life, doth not now fall ?
And while I thus aſtoniſht ſtand
I but prepare for my own funerall ?
Death doth with man no order keepe :
It reckons not by the expence of yeares.
But makes the Queene and beggar weepe,
And nere diſtinguiſhes betweene their teares.
He who the victory doth gaine
Falls as he him purſues, who from him flyes,
And is by too good fortune ſlaine.
The Lover in his amorous courtſhip dyes.
The ſtates-man ſuddenly expires
While he for others ruine doth prepare :
And the gay Lady while ſh' admires
Her pride, and curles in wanton nets her haire.
No ſtate of man is fortified
'Gainſt the aſſault of th' univerſall doome :
But who th' Almightie feare, deride
Pale death, and meete with triumph in the tombe.

Quonian ego in flagella paratus ſum. DAVID.

Ix me on ſome bleake precipice,
Where I ten thouſand yeares may ſtand:
Made now a ſtatute of ice,
Then by the ſummer ſcorcht and tan'd!

Place me alone in ſome fraile boate
'Mid th' horrors of an angry Sea:
Where I while time ſhall move, may floate
Deſpairing either land or day!

Or under earth my youth confine
To th' night and ſilence of a cell:
Where Scorpions may my limbes entwine.
O God! So thou forgive me hell.

Æternitie! when I think thee,
(Which never any end muſt have,
Nor knew'ſt beginning) and fore-ſee
Hell is deſign'd for ſinne a grave.

My frighted fleſh trembles to duſt,
My blood ebbes fearefully away:
Both guilty that they did to luſt.
And vanity, my youth betray.

My eyes, which from each beautious ſight
Drew Spider-like blacke venome in:
Cloſe like the marigold at night
Oppreſt with dew to bath my ſin.

My eares ſhut up that eaſie dore
Which did proud fallacies admit:
And vow to heare no follies more;
Deaſe to the charmes of ſinne and wit.

My hands (which when they toucht ſome faire
Imagin'd ſuch an excellence,
As th' Ermines skin ungentle were)
Contract themſelves, and looſe all ſence.

But you bold ſinners! ſtill purſue
Your valiant wickedneſſe, and brave
Th' Almighty Iuſtice: hee'le ſubdue
And make you cowards in the grave.

Then when he as your judge appeares,
In vaine you'le tremble and lament.
And hope to ſoften him with teares,
To no advantage penitent.

Then will you ſcorne thoſe treaſures, which
So fiercely now you doate upon:
Then curſe thoſe pleaſures did bewitch
You to this ſad illuſion.

The neighb'ring mountaines which you ſhall
Wooe to oppreſſe you with their weight:
Diſdainefull will deny to fall,
By a ſad death to eaſe your fate.

In vaine ſome midnight ſtorme at ſea
To ſwallow you, you will deſire:
In vaine upon the wheels you'le pray
Broken with torments to expire.

Death, at the ſight of which you ſtart,
In a mad fury then you'le Court:
Yet hate th' expreſſions of your heart,
Which onely ſhall be ſigh'd for ſport.

No ſorrow then ſhall enter in
With pitty the great judges eares.
This moment's ours. Once dead, his ſin
Man cannot expiate with teares.

Militia eſt vita hominis.

To Sir *Hen. Per.*

Sir

WEre it your appetite of glory, (which
In nobleſt times, did braveſt ſoules bewitch
To fall in love with danger,) that now drawes
You to the fate of warre; it claimes applauſe:

And every worthy hand would plucke a bough
From the beſt ſpreading bay, to ſhade your brow.
Since you unforc'd part from your Ladies bed
Warme with the pureſt love, to lay your head
Perhaps on ſome rude turfe, and ſadly feele
The nights cold dampes wrapt in a ſheete of ſteele.
You leave your well grown woods; and meadows which
Our *Severne* doth with fruitfull ſtreames enrich.
Your woods where we ſee ſuch large heards of Deere
Your meades whereon ſuch goodly flockes appeare.
You leave your Caſtle, ſafe both for defence
And ſweetely wanton with magnificence
With all the coſt and cunning beautified
That addes to ſtate, where nothing wants but pride.
Theſe charmes might have bin pow'rful to have ſtaid
Great mindes reſolv'd for action, and betraid
You to a glorious eaſe: ſince to the warre
Men by deſire of prey invited are,
Whom either ſinne or want makes deſperate,
Or elſe diſdaine of their owne narrow fate.
But you, nor hope of fame or a releaſe
Of the moſt ſober goverment in peace,
Did to the hazard of the armie bring
Onely a pure devotion to the King
In whoſe juſt cauſe whoever fights, muſt be
Triumphant: ſince even death is victory.
And what is life, that we to wither it
To a weake wrinckled age, ſhould torture wit
To finde out Natures ſecrets; what doth length
Of time deſerve, if we want heate and ſtrength?
When a brave quarrell doth to arms provoke
Why ſhould we feare to venter this thin ſmoke
This emptie ſhadow, life? this which the wiſe
As the fooles Idoll, ſoberly deſpiſe?
Why ſhould we not throw willingly away
A game we cannot ſave, now that we may
Gaine honour by the gift? ſince haply when
We onely ſhall be ſtatue of men
And our owne monuments, Peace will deny

Our wretched age ſo brave a cauſe to dye.
But theſe are thoughts! And action tis doth give
A ſoule to courage, and make vertue live:
Which doth not dwell upon the valiant tongue
Of bold Philoſophie, but in the ſtrong
Vndaunted ſpirit, which encounters thoſe
Sad dangers, we to fancie ſcarce propoſe.
Yet tis the true and higheſt fortitude
To keepe our inward enemies ſubdued:
Not to permit our paſſions over ſway
Our actions, not our wanton fleſh betray
The ſoules chaſte Empire: for however we
To th' outward ſhew may gaine a victory
And proudly triumph: if to conquour ſinne
We combate not, we are at warre within.

Vias tuas Domine demonſtra mihi.

WHere have I wandred? In what way
Horrid as night
Increaſt by ſtormes did I delight?
Though my ſad ſoule did often ſay
Twas death and madneſſe ſo to ſtray.

On that falſe ground I joy'd to tread
Which ſeemed moſt faire,
Though every path had a new ſnare,
And every turning ſtill did lead,
To the darke Region of the dead.

But with the ſurfet of delight
I am ſo tyred
That now I loath what I admired,
And my diſtaſted appetite
So 'bhors the meate, it hates the ſight.

For ſhould we naked ſinne diſcry
Not beautified
By th' ayde of wantonneſſe and pride
Like ſome miſhapen birth, 'twould lye
A torment to th' affrighted eye.

But cloath'd in beauty and reſpect
Even ore the wiſe,
How powerfull doth it tyrannize!
Whoſe monſtrous ſtorme ſhould they detract
They famine ſooner would affect.

And ſince thoſe ſhadowes which oppreſſe
My ſight begin
To cleere, and ſhow the ſhape of ſinne,
A Scorpion ſooner be my gueſt,
And warme his enome in my breſt.

May I before I growe ſo vile
By ſinne agen,
Be throwne off as a ſcorne to men!
May th' angry world decree, t' exile
Me to ſome yet unpeopled Iſle.

Where while I ſtraggle, and in vaine
Labor to finde
Some creature that ſhall have a minde,
What juſtice have I to complaine
If I thy inward grace retaine?

My God if thou ſhalt not exclude
Thy comfort thence:
What place can ſeeme to troubled ſence
So melancholly darke and rude,
To be eſteem'd a ſolitude.

Caſt me upon ſome naked ſhore
Where I may tracke
Onely the print of ſome ſad wracke;
If thou be there, though the ſeas rore,
I ſhall no gentler calme implore.

Should the *Cymmerians*, whom no ray
Doth ere enlight
But gaine thy grace, th' have loſt their night:
Not ſinners at high noone, but they
'Mong their blind cloudes have found the day.

Et Exultavit Humiles.

Ow cheerefully th' unpartiall Sunne
Gilds with his beames
The narrow ſtreames
Oth' Brooke which ſilently doth runne
Without a name?
And yet diſdaines to lend his flame
To the wide channell of the Thames?

The largeſt mountaines barren lye
And lightning feare,
Though they appeare
To bid defiance to the skie;
Which in one houre
W' have ſeene the opening earth devoure
When in their height they proudeſt were.

But th' humble man heaves up his head
Like ſome rich vale
Whoſe fruites nere faile
With flowres, with corne, and vines ore-ſpread.
Nor doth complaine
Oreflowed by an ill ſeaſon'd raine
Or batter'd by a ſtorme of haile.

Like a tall Barke with treaſure fraught
He the ſeas cleere
Doth quiet ſteere:
But when they are t' a tempeſt wrought;
More gallantly
He ſpreads his ſaile, and doth more high
By ſwelling of the waves, appeare.

For the Almighty joyes to force
The glorious tide
Of humane pride
To th' loweſt ebbe; that ore his courſe
(Which rudely bore

Downe what oppos'd it heretofore)
His feebleſt enemie may ſtride.

But from his ill-thatcht roofe he brings
The Cottager
And doth preferre
Him to th' adored ſtate of Kings:
He bids that hand
Which labour hath made rough and tand
The all commanding Scepter beare.

Let then the mighty ceaſe to boaſt
Their boundleſſe ſway:
Since in their Sea
Few ſayle, but by ſome ſtorme are loſt.
Let them themſelves
Beware, for they are their owne ſhelves.
Man ſtill himſelfe hath caſt away.

Dominus Dominantium.

SVpreame Divinitie! Who yet
Coulde ever finde
By the bold ſcrutinie of wit,
The treaſurie where thou lock'ſt up the wind?

What Majeſty of Princes can
A tempeſt awe;
When the diſtracted Ocean
Swells to Sedition, and obeyes no Law?

How wretched doth the Tyrant ſtand
Without a boaſt?
When his rich fleete even touching land
He by ſome ſtorme in his owne Port ſees loſt?

Vaine pompe of life! what narrow bound
Ambition
Is circled with? How falſe a ground
Hath humane pride to build its triumphs on.

And Nature how doſt thou delude
Our ſearch to know?
When the ſame windes which here intrude
On us with froſts and onely winter blow:
Breath temprate on th' adjoyning earth;
And gently bring
To the glad field a fruitfull birth
With all the treaſures of a wanton Spring.
How diverſly death doth aſſaile;
How ſporting kill?
While one is ſcorcht up in the vale
The other is congeald oth' neighboring hill.
While he with heates doth dying glow
Above he ſees
The other hedg'd in with his ſnow
And envies him his ice although he freeze.
Proud folly of pretending Art,
Be ever dumbe,
And humble thy aſpiring heart,
When thou findeſt glorious Reaſon overcome.
And you Aſtrologers, whoſe eye
Survayes the ſtarres!
And offer thence to propheſie
Succeſſe in peace, and the event of warres.
Throw downe your eyes upon that duſt
You proudly tread!
And know to that reſolve you muſt!
That is the ſcheme where all their fate may read.

Cogitabo pro peccato meo.

IN what darke ſilent grove
Profan'd by no unholy love.
Where witty melancholy nere
Did carve the trees or wound the ayre,
Shall I religious leaſure winne
To weepe away my ſinne?

How fondly have I ſpent
My youthes unvalued treaſure, lent
To traffique for Cœleſtiall joyes?
My unripe yeares purſuing toyes;
Iudging things beſt that were moſt gay
Fled unobſerv'd away.

Growne elder I admired
Our Poets as from heaven inſpired
VVhat Obeliskes decreed I fit
For *Spencers* Art, and *Sydnyes* wit?
But waxing ſober ſoone I found
Fame but an Idle ſound.

Then I my blood obey'd
And each bright face an Idoll made:
Verſe in an humble Sacrifice,
I offer'd to my Miſtreſſe eyes,
But I no ſooner grace did win
But met the devill within.

But growne more polliticke
I tooke account of each ſtate tricke:
Obſerv'd each motion, judg'd him wiſe,
VVho had a conſcience fit to riſe.
VVhome ſoone I found but forme and rule
And the more ſerious foole.

But now my ſoule prepare
To ponder what and where we are
How fraile is life, how vaine a breath
Opinion, how uncertaine death:
How onely a poore ſtone ſhall beare
VVitneſſe that once we were.

How a ſhrill Trumpet ſhall
Vs to the barre as traytors call.
Then ſhall we ſee too late that pride
Hath hope with flattery bely'd
And that the mighty in command
Pale Cowards there muſt ſtand.

Recogitabo tibi omnes annos meos. ISAY.

TIme! where didſt thou thoſe years inter
VVhich I have ſeene deceaſe?
My ſoules at war and truth bids her
Finde out their hidden Sepulcher,
To give her troubles peace.

Pregnant with flowers doth not the Spring
Like a late bride appeare?
VVhoſe fether'd Muſicke onely bring
Careſſes, and no Requiem ſing
On the departed yeare?

The Earth, like ſome rich wanton heire,
VVhoſe Parents coffin'd lye,
Forgets it once lookt pale and bare
And doth for vanities prepare,
As the Spring nere ſhould dye.

The preſent houre, flattered by all
Reflects not on the laſt;
But I, like a ſad factor ſhall
T' account my life each moment call,
And onely weepe the paſt.

My mem'ry trackes each ſeverall way
Since Reaſon did begin
Over my actions her firſt ſway:
And teacheth me that each new day
Did onely vary ſin.

Poor banckrout Conſcience! where are thoſe
Rich houres but farm'd to thee?
How careleſſely I ſome did loſe,
And other to my luſt diſpoſe
As no rent day ſhould be?

I have infected with impure
Diſorders my paſt yeares.
But Ile to penitence inure
Thoſe that ſucceed. There is no cure
Nor Antidote but teares.

Cupio diſſolvi. PAVLE.

THe ſoule which doth with God unite,
Thoſe gayities how doth ſhe flight
VVhich ore opinion ſway?
Like ſacred Virgin wax, which ſhines
On Altars or on Martyrs ſhrines
How doth ſhe burne away?

How violent are her throwes till ſhe
From envious earth delivered be,
Which doth her flight reſtraine?
How doth ſhe doate on whips and rackes,
On fires and the ſo dreaded Axe,
And every murd'ring paine?

How ſoone ſhe leaves the pride of wealth,
The flatteries of youth and health
And fames more precious breath.
And every gaudy circumſtance
That doth the pompe of life advance
At the approach of death?

The cunning of Aſtrologers
Obſerves each motion of the ſtarres
Placing all knowledge there:
And Lovers in their Miſtreſſe eyes
Contract thoſe wonders of the skies,
And ſeeke no higher ſphere.

The wandring Pilot ſweates to find
The cauſes that produce the wind
Still gazing on the Pole.
The Politician ſcornes all Art
But what doth pride and power impart.
And ſwells the ambitious ſoule.

But he whom heavenly fire doth warme,
Amd 'gainſt theſe powerful follies arme,
Doth ſoberly diſdaine
All theſe fond humane miſteries
As the deceitfull and unwiſe
Diſtempers of our braine.

He as a burden beares his clay,
Yet vainely throwes it not away
On every idle cauſe:
But with the ſame untroubled eye
Can reſolve to live or dye,
Regardleſſe of th' applauſe.

My God! If 'tis thy great decree
That this muſt the laſt moment be
Wherein I breath this ayre;
My heart obeyes joy'd to retreate
From the falſe favours of the great
And treachery of the faire.

When thou ſhalt pleaſe this ſoule t' enthrone,
Above impure corruption;
What ſhall I grieve or feare.
To thinke this breathleſſe body muſt
Become a loathſome heape of duſt
And nere againe appeare.

For in the fire when Ore is tryed,
And by that torment purified:
Doe we deplore the loſſe?
And when thou ſhalt my ſoule refine,
That it thereby may purer ſhine
Shall I grieve for the droſſe?

FINIS.

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